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THE

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THE EGYPTIAN CHAOS.

IF the spectacle of a brave and capable man struggling with almost hopeless difficulties is an agreeable spectacle, those to whom it is agreeable ought to be very grateful to Mr. GLADSTONE. It is difficult to conceive, and at the present moment would certainly be impossible to find any one engaged in a more desperate task than BAKER PASHA. He has at Souakim some two or three thousand troops, of whom some are new to a function for which they were never intended, while others have already proved themselves incompetent for the function which they were compelled to undertake. His European officers have manifested signs of discontent and insubordination, and though BAKER PASHA is not a general at all likely to put up with any such conduct, the conduct itself is the infallible sign of an enterprise which is all but despaired of by those engaged in it. His immediate employers, the Egyptian Government, are either unable or unwilling—probably a little of both—to give him efficient support. In the background there is the stolid English Ministry, which has only to lift a finger to remove at least the most pressing difficulties of the situation, and which refuses to lift that finger. Meanwhile the message of TEWFIK BEY, who is holding out Sinkat with a handful of troops and protecting hundreds of women and children from probable massacre and outrage, announces that his power of defence, or rather of subsistence, will cease in about a fortnight. There was a time, not so very long ago, when Mr. GLADSTONE was extremely interested in women and children who were in danger of massacre and outrage. But at that time, by a coincidence which of course has nothing to do with the matter, Mr. GLADSTONE was not in Downing Street and Lord BEACONSFIELD was. Nubian horrors and the question of the hour may perhaps have occupied some Cabinet Councils, but whatever opinion Mr. GLADSTONE has arrived at along the path of honour, or that of shame, as the case be, it has as yet resulted in nothing that is practical. A telegram of half a dozen words to Cairo—it is now too late for a telegram to Bombay—would in a week or a fortnight from the moment of its despatch rescue the Sinkat and Tokha garrisons, clear the neighbourhood of Souakim, and enable the further operations of the campaign, which every one admits to be subjects for reasonable deliberation, to receive that deliberation under fitting circumstances. But that telegram has not, as far as is known, been sent, and there is no appearance that it will be sent. “*Le sang qui coule est-il donc si pur?*” is apparently the only reflection which the shedding of blood in Nubia suggests to Mr. GLADSTONE’S philanthropy.

Fortunately, if it be not something of a misdeed to use good words in connexion with such a matter, there are signs that the very hesitation and irresolution of the Ministry will before long force them to take a decided course. That that course can hardly be the evacuation of Egypt is pretty certain, for the country has pronounced unequivocally that it would not endure such a proceeding. If Egypt is not handed over bodily to its own devices—that is to say, to the devices of France—there will shortly, whatever the MAHDI does, be absolutely no alternative but the abandonment of the imbecile system of Control which is no control. Whether the Ministry of CHERIF PASHA will not or whether it cannot act vigorously in this Soudan affair may be, as has been hinted, matter of doubt. But that it does not so act is certain. The paper

Constitution altogether declines to march, and there is no reason to apprehend that any set of Egyptians that may be put in the place of CHERIF and his colleagues will be either more disposed to abandon the Soudan altogether or more able to carry out vigorously plans for securing any portion of it that may be determined upon. For the obstinate determination of Mr. GLADSTONE not to recognize facts is met by a determination far more obstinate, because Oriental and not European, on the part of Egyptians to recognize them. Every Egyptian, from the highest pasha to the lowest fellah, knows that the responsibility of getting into the present situation and the responsibility of getting out of it is really on the head of England. Every one in office is aware that he cannot be justly blamed or punished, and will not in all probability be either punished or blamed, for refusing to press forward when England holds back. All Europe knows this; it is known at the Porte; it is probably understood more or less dimly in the rebel camps themselves. By holding back as he has done, Mr. GLADSTONE may paralyse Egyptian action, he cannot spur it on; he may cause Egyptian blood to be shed like water, he will hardly in the end save one drop of English blood. The precious time which has been lost, the disgraceful blunders which have been committed, simply postpone the inevitable necessity of making up his mind. In this particular chapter of accidents there is not a verse that can save, though there are many that can damage with more or less force.

For it is by no means the Soudan difficulty which is the only or even the main Egyptian question, just as some months ago the cholera was even more of a symptom than of a substantive fact. Even those Englishmen who have been comforting themselves with the idea of an Oriental Belgium (forgetting that not one single one of the elements of an Oriental Belgium is present on the Nile, or can by any sleight of hand be made to appear present) admit sorrowfully that Oriental Belgians are not to be made in a day. Every mail, every telegram almost, certainly every intelligent traveller who arrives from Egypt, brings with him or with it evidence of the utter impossibility of the notion that a few benevolent English advisers were to play the Mr. BARLOW to the Egyptian TOMMIES, and by judicious discourse convert them from the error of their ways. Not only is the amiable discourse of the English advisers, so long as it is amiable discourse only, of no effect for good, but it has a very definite effect for harm. It succeeds in breaking down and disturbing the very imperfect administrative order which, such as it was, existed before the BARLOW régime. We neither govern the Egyptians according to our ideas, nor allow them to govern themselves according to theirs; and the complete deadlock reported in all economic and political relations is in no way astonishing as a result of this imbecile course of conduct. The inability of the KHEDIVÉ to relieve his garrisons—situated a day or two’s march from the seaboard—of the attacks of undisciplined savages might have shown itself when his administration was less distracted and hampered by meddlers who will not interfere to any purpose, and advisers who warn him that he is welcome to take their advice or leave it as he likes. The confusion and disarray of the cholera-time was not much worse, if it was worse at all, than the usual disarray and confusion of Oriental countries under “the hand of God.” The disgraceful point is that in both cases there was a guardian angel present who apparently thought it unbecoming or

unnecessary to guard. But the chronic administrative incompetence and paralysis which seems to have set in throughout the civil and military services is not only in the same way discreditable to England, but is an additional and gratuitous hardship to Egypt. Here the patient is not only no better for his new and expensive physician, he is definitely worse. There is, of course, nothing surprising in all this to any one who possesses a little common sense and a little knowledge of countries other than England, France, and their immediate neighbours. The *gâchis épouvantable* in which Egypt finds herself has been made worse, no doubt, by the cholera and the MAHDI, but it is a necessary consequence of the impossible programme which the English Government have set themselves. It is as yet not known whether even the overwhelming evidence of the last few weeks has convinced Mr. GLADSTONE of his mistake, or, to speak more congruously, has shown him that a new course of action must be entered upon. It is said that to some extent, at any rate, some conviction of the kind has forced itself on the Cabinet, and that Egypt is not to be left to burn because the code of Gladstonian etiquette indicates no appropriate means of putting her out. The correctness of the rumour may be most devoutly wished. That the supposed dangers from other European Powers in case England behaved in a rational manner are utterly imaginary need not be said. No Power at this moment—save, perhaps, one—has the least desire to pick a quarrel with England, and the moment that that one showed signs of serious ill temper, the alliance of all the rest, or almost all the rest, would be cheerfully—and indeed earnestly—placed at England's service. We are in Egypt with *carte blanche*, expressed or implied, from all the world; up to this time the record of the use we have made of this commission is nearly as blank as the commission itself.

SIR RICHARD CROSS ON THE POOR.

PROBABLY the most useful of the countless contributions to the discussion of the social problem is Sir RICHARD CROSS's article in the *Nineteenth Century*. To the controversy on the Homes of the Poor Sir RICHARD brings thorough knowledge, deep interest, and good temper. Nothing can be more remote from the spasmodic nonsense of Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE, and the political rancour of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, than this article by a man who (unlike these angry philanthropists) "has personally visited most of the courts and alleys in all parts of London, in many cases more than once." According to the prevalent theory of British Radicalism, Sir RICHARD CROSS's opinion can be of no value—because he knows something about the subject. The opinion of persons of experience in Irish or Egyptian matters is never the same as the opinion of the modern Radical. Consequently it has become a kind of axiom that, just as any layman knows more about art than artists do, so the first emotional person who has read Mr. GEORGE SIMS knows more of social ills and remedies than a statesman of benevolence and practical experience. These qualities have not led Sir RICHARD CROSS to the opinion that the landowner should pay for housing the capitalist's working-men. They have not induced him to advocate a general exodus of the Irish of the slums into the wheatfields and forests of England. In fact, the benevolence and experience of the writer have not inspired him with any heroic remedy at all. He only contributes to the discussion the most orderly array of facts and the most complete information which we have yet received from any one.

Sir RICHARD CROSS's remarks, as it happens, can be illustrated with lucky appropriateness by actual examples. In the *Times* of January 3rd is published the result of some explorations in what THACKERAY called "Poor Man's Country." Amateur explorations of this kind, especially when attempted by young ladies, have been neatly satirized by Mr. DU MAURIER in *Punch*. The voyage of discovery of Mr. SORTON PARRY, J.P., may be called an amateur expedition; but Mr. PARRY was "personally conducted" by some qualified policemen, and really saw a good deal. He went as representative of a Committee of inhabitants of Brompton, a parish which has no poor to care for at home, and is interested in the poor of its neighbours. Sir RICHARD CROSS especially recommends volunteer labour and inquiry of this kind; and if charitable (like military) volunteering ceases to be a mere toy, and becomes an organized and permanent institution, doubtless it will be

helpful. We intend to use Mr. SORTON PARRY's discoveries to illustrate the opinions of Sir RICHARD CROSS.

Sir RICHARD observes that the general question is, granting that faults exist, Is legislation or is administration to blame? On the whole, he thinks that we need improved and energetic administration even more than fresh legislation. The opposite appears to have been Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opinion; but then Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did not seem to know anything worth mentioning about the actual state of the law. The details of the existing problem are considered by Sir RICHARD CROSS under four heads. First, he asks, how are we to prevent the further growth of the actual evil, and ensure that in future none but sanitary houses are built? We have often pointed out that in the suburbs of London, streets of mere shells of houses are constantly being "run up," which will all be overcrowded, plague-stricken slums in a quarter of a century. Sir RICHARD says that within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board of Works no such houses are built or will be built. But he adds that "in the suburbs fresh powers are undoubtedly required; the evil there is growing apace." Here, then, as every one will agree with Sir RICHARD CROSS, "is a point for fresh and immediate legislation." Yes; but what cares the Caucus for suburban slums? More franchise debates and more Irish displays we shall have in abundance; but who can hope for useful practical measures? It is this indifference on the part of the only genuine friends of the people which makes one sometimes despair of the whole subject. We are to go on breeding savages and organizing license, that the savages may have a chance in some wild hour to make a "general overturn." And after the general overturn plumbers will all be squires, and no more sanitary appliances will be constructed.

Sir RICHARD CROSS's second question is this—Houses once properly built, how are they to be maintained in a proper sanitary condition? As an owner may not build, so he ought not to be allowed to maintain houses injurious to public health. But who is to prevent him? We have once already explained the interminable law's delays under Mr. TORRENS's Act of 1868. We know all about what the Officer of Health is to do, and what the Sanitary Inspector is to suggest, and what the local authority is to decree, and how they all combine not to do it. If the law worked with promptitude and certainty, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposed legislation would on this point be superfluous. As Sir RICHARD says, "it is at present more a matter for administration than for legislation." Sir RICHARD does not think that Vestrymen owners of houses which are public nuisances are so much to blame for delaying administrative action as we for our part have always believed. "The evidence given before the Committee quite bears out" Sir RICHARD's opinion. Private information in one or two particular cases does not leave the Vestries a clear record. The writer in the *Times* on Mr. SORTON PARRY's expedition into Southwark says that the police (a cynical body of men) are rather with us than with Sir RICHARD CROSS on this point. "It was gathered," from what the police said, "that Sir CHARLES DILKE made his inspections under the guidance of 'sanitary officers,' who are certainly the officers, in a remote degree, of the Local Government Board, but are directly under the Vestrymen, who are in many cases the sub-lessees, the agents, or the collectors of rents on these wretched properties. It was implied that the Sanitary Inspectors would have felt themselves to be acting against the direct interests of their more immediate employers if they had shown up 'the worst places.' These statements may be cynical, and they are meant to prove that the police are the best guides to the worst slums, but that there is much truth in the general bearing of 'what was gathered' we cannot pretend to doubt. There is—there must be—a great deal of human nature in a Vestryman. Still the question remains, How is the owner to be made to keep the houses in a proper state? Sir RICHARD CROSS would not throw too heavy responsibility on the owner, who is often frustrated, in spite of all his good will, by the more than savage beastliness of his tenants. Besides, the owner's sole weapon against the dirty tenant is eviction. When the tenant is evicted, his second state, and that of the overcrowded people whom he crowds still more, is worse than his first. Sir RICHARD mentions a case in which the best modern sanitary arrangements were put in by the owner of some houses, and had to be removed. The tenants (chiefly foreigners) did not understand or would not use them. The owner had to replace his expensive fittings

with such artless arrangements as meet us so soon as we leave the beaten tracks and Anglified hotels in France. Volunteer work among the poor is, in Miss HILL's opinion, the only mode of educating them above a level which is infinitely beneath that of low Bushman tribes. In conclusion Sir RICHARD admits that the authorities do not "seem to have been sufficiently alive to the magnitude of the evils," and that the Acts of 1868 and 1879 "have been practically in abeyance far too long." This is precisely what we have always contended. But, unlike Sir RICHARD CROSS, we do not believe that the "authorities" will ever "become alive" to evils in which some of themselves have a direct pecuniary interest.

Sir RICHARD's third topic is the wide one of hopeless slums, closely packed together, in old London—slums in the hands of many owners, and destitute of light and air. Here some local authority should acquire the whole block, as provided for in Sir RICHARD CROSS's Act of 1875 and in the Acts of 1879 and 1882. Here, of course, the question of compensation arises. Sir RICHARD thinks that excessive compensation, a high premium on nuisances, has been prevented by the Act of 1882. He hopes that the Commissioners of Sewers and the Metropolitan Board may now "take courage and clear off at once and for ever the remainder of these old slums." If the reader wants yet again quite to understand what these fine old slums are like, let him read what Mr. SORTON PARRY saw, as recorded in the *Times* of Thursday. We have all heard of Lant Street. BOB SAWYER lived there. But Lant Street has fallen lower still, and is now what BUNYAN calls "a bye-way into Hell." By a passage three feet wide the visitor enters Vine Yard. Labourers are indeed wanted in this vineyard. Here filth, damp filth, is heaped up high in the middle of the court; here two rooms of six feet by seven let for 11s. 6d. a week "furnished." A man with 17. a week pays 7s. in rent, the den being quite out of repair. No charitable people, no preacher, nobody ever comes from our world into this part of poor man's land except the rent collector. By a narrow passage you reach a swarm of brothels and burglars' dwellings. Ten people lived in a place not fit for a dog-kennel. They were thirteen till lately. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest," the devil in this case being bronchitis. The owners are, it was stated, the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. A clearing has been made, and this has intensified the crowding—a fact which neatly illustrates Sir RICHARD CROSS's point, what are we to do with the people evicted for purposes of sanitary improvement? What we are doing has just been explained. We are crowding them, thirteen of them at a time, into dens "not fit for dog's-kennels." Sir RICHARD CROSS's most practical proposal is that we should so far imitate what has been done in Glasgow. There the authorities provide—for "waifs and strays" who cannot or will not rent houses—"airy lodging-houses with large day-rooms, lavatories," a separate clean bed for each, and so forth, at a charge of 3½d. a night. These institutions actually yield a small interest. We should "temporarily" provide such dwellings as these for such people as are being poisoned and starved in Southwark. "See what is wanted; buildings built at once . . . to be replaced eventually by better buildings, and with better accommodation when these folk have gone elsewhere, or are educated by kind and loving hearts to avail themselves of better things. In any case delay is fatal"—as we have just seen in the case of Southwark. Mr. SORTON PARRY saw an eviction going on; tenants with sick children, tenants able to pay rent, were being turned out in these circumstances. "The property had been mortgaged to the Consolidated Building Society for an advance, to a man who had bought up the fag-end of the leases, and had now run away from their responsibilities. The ground landlord required the property to be put into repair, and the Society, desiring to comply, wished to clear out the tenants, who, however, would not go." Here is a living example of the sort of difficulty which Sir RICHARD CROSS proposes to meet in the manner already described. Mr. SORTON PARRY's other discoveries were equally interesting. One house of eight rooms contained more than six persons to each room. "It was stated to be the property of the City of London. Mr. SORTON PARRY had made inquiries at the offices of the City officials, and this information was grudgingly given." In the next court the landlord is a public-house-keeper. "It is a breeding-place for scarlet and typhoid fevers." If

you clear it out, the people crowd into the next court, and so the round goes on. Indeed, it is immediate building, immediate measures of all kinds, that are wanted. As to the "volunteers" encouraged by Sir RICHARD CROSS, they never enter Vine Yard and Unicorn Court.

PRISONERS' STATEMENTS.

JUSTICE WATKIN WILLIAMS has not inopportunely revived the discussion of the important question of procedure which arose on the trial of O'DONNELL. It is not quite clear whether Justice WILLIAMS concurred in the conclusion at which the Judges afterwards arrived. It was stated at the time that all who were present at the meeting with one exception agreed in opinion as to the future practice. Justice STEPHEN, who had on a former occasion withheld his assent to a similar resolution, now adheres to the doctrine propounded by his colleagues. It has not been stated whether Justice HAWKINS withdrew his former expression of doubt or dissent. Like his colleague Justice DENMAN, Justice WILLIAMS had forgotten, or perhaps had not known, a previous informal decision to the same effect. He intimates a certain disapproval of the settlement of doubtful points of law or practice by extra-judicial discussion; and it is certain that even a unanimous expression of opinion under such conditions has no binding force even on those who assented to the general conclusion. Almost the whole body of English law consists of judgments delivered in the course of contentious litigation. Courts of Justice have no legislative power, unless it has been for special purposes conferred by Parliament; and they must in every case have listened to arguments on behalf of both parties before they pronounce judgment. As far as the decision involves a legal proposition, it then becomes a precedent to be followed either literally or by analogy when the same question afterwards arises. As Justice WILLIAMS suggests, the rule of criminal procedure which was almost unanimously approved by the Judges was passed without hearing the arguments of counsel and when there was no issue before the meeting, which again was not a Court.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, when he called the attention of the CHIEF JUSTICE to the inconvenience of the existing uncertainty, may perhaps have wished that the Judges should consider among themselves the disputed point of practice; but he was aware that their opinion, however authoritative, would have no legal validity. For this reason he expressed a hope that an experiment, to be conducted on the strictest pattern of regular procedure, might soon be tried on the worthless body of some ordinary criminal. On the trial of O'DONNELL he had deliberately incurred the risk of withdrawing his objection to Mr. RUSSELL's questionable claim on the part of the prisoner. Justice DENMAN had announced his intention of reserving the question in the event of a conviction for the Court of Crown Cases Reserved. By insisting on his objection the ATTORNEY-GENERAL would have run the risk of enabling a notorious murderer to escape with impunity. It was thought better to expose a jury to the chance of being misled by the sophistry of an ingenious advocate. As the attempt nearly succeeded, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL only discharged a public duty in his appeal to the good sense and prudence of the Judges. He at the same time indicated the course which will still perhaps be followed for the purpose of converting the late expression of opinion into a judicial decision. It is probable that counsel for the defence of some prisoner will, before any long time has elapsed, propose, in imitation of Mr. RUSSELL, to make a statement on behalf of the prisoner which cannot be supported by evidence. On objection taken, the presiding judge can, if he thinks fit, reserve the question for the superior tribunal, which will almost certainly declare in regular form the same doctrine which has been privately approved by the whole body of judges. The virtual ruling of Justice DENMAN that the point is still open to argument will have been the latest judicial decision on the subject. The members of the Court of Crown Cases will not be bound to know that the question has already been decided by themselves in their private capacity.

It may be collected from somewhat ambiguous phrases that Justice WILLIAMS agrees on the main question with the great body of his colleagues, while he doubts the propriety of the course which they have followed. To laymen in general his objection will perhaps appear technical or hypercritical. No legal purist objects to the every-day

practice of a judge who consults a colleague on any difficulty which may arise. It may be plausibly argued that the whole Bench is equally entitled to discuss a doubtful question which any one of the number may be required to decide. The distinction is that the judge who has asked advice is exclusively responsible for his acceptance or rejection of an informal opinion. On the same principle any judge who may sit in a Crown Court is at liberty to accept or reject an unproved statement by counsel, but the decision will in either case be his own. The practice which has in this case been followed is novel, though it is supported by a single precedent. It is not desirable that the body of judges should accustom themselves to a mode of settling doubtful questions which might practically amount to usurpation. They have no power to declare the law, except as an incident of litigation. In English jurisprudence no authority is attached to mere *responsa prudentum*, even when the expounders of the law happen to be judges. It would, perhaps, have been more convenient that the Judges should not only have deliberated in private, but have kept their judgment secret until it could be formally confirmed by a judgment on some criminal case. If any mistake was made, it was not in the soundness of their conclusion.

When prisoners were, about forty years ago, first allowed to speak by their counsel, it was probably not anticipated that any of them would claim the right of making a separate statement in person; but judges have in recent times inclined to an indulgence which is by no means a certain advantage to the defendant. In discussions on criminal procedure disputants too often forget that out of a hundred persons indicted ninety-nine are guilty. They must already have passed the ordeal of examination before magistrates and of the less complete inquiry of the Grand Jury. If the depositions or record of the proceedings before the justices fail to disclose a case for conviction, the judge makes to the prosecuting counsel a suggestion which is equivalent to a command that, unless he can strengthen his case, he had better submit to an acquittal. It nevertheless happens now and then that an innocent man is tried; and that his own statement would be more satisfactory to a jury than the most plausible defence which could be made by counsel. It is, therefore, right that he should have the opportunity of explaining circumstances which must have been suspicious. Justice WILLIAMS mentions a case tried by himself, in which counsel had imagined an ingenious theory which was on one point inconsistent with the evidence. The prisoner afterwards speaking for himself admitted the fact which his advocate had denied, and gave a version of the story which induced the jury, without disapproval on the part of the judge, to acquit a prisoner who was before virtually convicted. Sir JAMES STEPHEN, in a pamphlet on a non-legal subject, tells a similar story of a prisoner whose violent and apparently sincere indignation at a sentence already passed induced Sir JAMES STEPHEN to give him a further opportunity of stating his case. The prisoner admitted the fact, but not the degree, of his guilt; and the Judge was so thoroughly satisfied, that he altered his sentence, with which the prisoner then declared himself content.

A guilty prisoner had better in his own interest hold his tongue, for if he takes advantage of a license which is now generally allowed, he is extremely likely to furnish materials for his own conviction. The modern practice, therefore, conduces to the interests of justice as well as to apparent liberality and fairness. Permission to make unproved, and probably untrue, statements through counsel has an opposite tendency. There is almost always some hypothesis consistent with the innocence of a defendant who is nevertheless guilty. An advocate as skilful as Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL had no difficulty in telling a plausible story which, if it were preferred to the testimony in the case, would have reduced the crime of O'DONNELL to almost venial manslaughter. The jury, though the result proved that they were conscientious, and perhaps not less intelligent than their average neighbours, showed by the questions which they asked the Judge that they were inclined to place Mr. RUSSELL's eloquent apologue on the same footing with the sworn evidence of witnesses whom there was no reason to disbelieve. If it had not happened that, by calling other witnesses, Mr. RUSSELL was compelled to give the ATTORNEY-GENERAL a reply, it is highly probable that the murderer would have escaped a capital conviction. No blame attaches to the advocate who never

professed belief in his own tale; but jurymen may be excused if they fancy that, when a gentleman of character repeats in impressive tones a plausible narrative, he is telling the truth. The case which directed the attention of the judges to the practice which they have since condemned furnished ample illustrations of the mischief of undue laxity.

IRELAND.

ON Tuesday last there was tried in Ireland what may be most charitably regarded as an experiment in a new kind of Ireland-for-the-Irish administration. For some time past the Irish Government has administered unequivocally equal justice in the case of separatist meetings in Ulster. It has simply forbidden them, and by implication has also forbidden the Orange meetings which were certain to be, and were in each case announced as being, organized to counteract them. This policy has given umbrage, not merely to Irish separatists (it was only natural that this should be the case), but to English Radicals. The sacred right of public meeting extends, according to Radicals, to all gatherings not definitively Tory, in which latter case there may be some doubt of its application. Accordingly, Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN seem to have devised a course of proceeding which is less surprising in the case of the SECRETARY than in the case of the VICEROY. Two meetings of the invasion-of-Ulster order were announced for the same day, one at Coote Hill and the other at Dromore. The meeting at Coote Hill was forbidden; the meeting at Dromore permitted. Some partisans have striven to show that there may have been reasons for this selection; it is perhaps better to point out that there can have been no reason for any selection at all. Each meeting was aimed at the Constitution of Ireland; and it was certain that, as all Irish Constitutionalists do not regard the Constitution with the somewhat philosophical affection of official Radicals, each would probably lead to a breach of the peace. But the result was even more curious than the beginning. At Coote Hill the Orangemen loyally obeyed the powers that be, and did not assemble; the Nationalists disobeyed those powers, and assembled. They were nominally dispersed; but the dispersing was done so gently that the meeting simply resolved itself into a nearly undisturbed procession. At the close of this Mr. BIGGAR distinguished himself by an inquiry into the merely accidental points of difference between Lord SPENCER and a drunken horsebreaker, with other remarks appropriate to the speaker and the occasion. At Dromore the Orangemen, as in default of prohibition they had a perfect right to do, did assemble, and vigorous efforts were used by the authorities to prevent their arguing the point with the Nationalists. In the end several Orangemen were stabbed and otherwise injured by active policemen and soldiers, who of course simply did their duty. Nevertheless, it is odd that though the Nationalists at Coote Hill practically defied the Government, no Nationalist there seems to have undergone any rough treatment. There is a still more curious contrast between the behaviour of the two parties at the close. The Orangemen who were bayoneted and sabred as a hint not to be too loyal, marched off the ground singing the National Anthem and cheering for the QUEEN. It is (perhaps by the omission of the reporters) not recorded that either at Coote Hill or at Dromore the Nationalists showed any similar gratitude for treatment which certainly was dissimilar. Further comment on these remarkable proceedings is unnecessary. But it is to be hoped that the policy of alternate proclamation will not be further pursued, or that, if it is, the energy of the troops and the constabulary will be more equally displayed. It is the duty of a Christian to love his enemies, but no sufficient manuscript authority can be produced for the addition, "and bayonet his friends."

While the Irish Executive has thus been deviating from the wise and consistent course which it has for some time pursued, various "programmes" have been put forward in England as to the Irish policy of the next Session. It is hardly necessary to take detailed notice of the so-called Parnellite programme which was issued last week. Mr. PARNELL is as little likely as any political card-player that ever lived to show his hand in such a fashion that his adversaries can derive any advantage from its analysis. Moreover, his course must in any case depend too much on events, and its main lines are too

independent of his own choice, to make any formal programme of the slightest value. The only possible attitude for Mr. PARNELL towards any Government is to obstruct when he can, trip up when he can, bargain when he can, and take good care that little performance and no gratitude shall go to his own side of the bargain. The self-styled "Committee on Irish Affairs" which certain Irish Liberals and English Radicals have formed is a matter of greater interest, in so far as its proceedings and intentions, however mischievous, are probably announced, and will perhaps be conducted, *bonâ fide*. There is nothing very novel in this programme, which is simply a fresh statement in detail of the old Radical fallacy that Irish agitators and their dupes are merely panting to find a *modus vivendi* with England, and that it behoves Englishmen to be as obliging as they can be in arranging that *modus*. What is more noteworthy is that the Committee and its programme have not been received with any particular warmth in some quarters where they might not unnaturally have anticipated open arms. The *Daily News* has informed the "strong and sincere" Liberals (whom of course it mentions with all honour) that, "if they can show us how 'the Castle' can be reformed in a rationally popular sense, without destroying 'its efficiency as the central bureau of the Irish Government,' they will have earned the gratitude of both countries." It would be difficult to formulate the matter in words more completely unobjectionable, and, at the same time, more distinctly suggestive that the strong and sincere Liberals have undertaken to make two straight lines enclose a space. It is precisely because the Castle, reformed in any popular sense, rational or other, would immediately become, not the central bureau of Irish government, but the central bureau of Irish anarchy, that the strong and sincere Liberals are quite certain not to earn the gratitude of either country, and not at all unlikely, if they should get their way, to earn and receive the hearty curses of both.

For there can be no wilder delusion than to imagine that a *modus vivendi* with England is the desire of the Nationalist party. Their desire is, on the contrary, a *modus vivendi* without England. It is no more the desire of the crazy scoundrels who chatter about dynamite in the sweet security of New York than it is of the members of Parliament who swagger at Nationalist meetings, of the Dublin Town Councillors who talk of sending members to the Board of Irish Lights "to fight the West Britain interest" (whether by extinguishing the lights in St. George's Channel or by using the Board's steamers to tow Ireland out of its detested geographical position does not appear), and of the ignorant dupes who are such men's constituents. To be hopeful on the Irish question may seem almost insane, and certainly the formation of this Committee, with its bland ignoring of the fact that nothing but fear prevents an Irish rebellion to-morrow, is not encouraging. But there are some scattered signs of something like awakening to this fact on the part of Englishmen, and therefore it is well not to despair. The awakening must come sooner or later, whether it comes with or without garments rolled in blood. The Committee on Irish Affairs, if it knew what it wishes (which it may be charitably presumed that it does not), wishes for the garments rolled in blood, and, accidents of some extraordinary kind excepted, they are as sure to follow upon the realization of its programme as Ninety-Eight was to follow on the Home Rule that preceded it. Exceedingly strong-minded politicians may regard such a result with complacency, as possibly leading to such another century of quiet and comparative prosperity as followed the pacification of Limerick and the definite suppression of Irish turbulence two hundred years ago. But then men are not all strong-minded politicians, and, independently of a natural repugnance to see Mr. PARNELL's misguided followers experience the whiff of grape-shot which some of them already richly deserve, there is the question whether modern English statesmen of either side could play the part which would devolve on them. Once let loose the forces of disorder in Ireland, and Ireland herself must in any case be half ruined, in very probable cases ruined wholly, by the consequences. It is, of course, indifferent to some strong and sincere Liberals (not to insult a still honourable name it might be better to say Radicals) whether Ireland or India, or anything else, perishes provided that Radical cant and commonplace has due attention paid to it. But we are not all of this iron mould, and there are some Englishmen (very unlikely to suffer directly from Irish anarchy) who can find it in their hearts to wish that Irishmen may

not be shot and bayoneted wholesale, even if, in order to that end, it should be necessary to violate the Rights of Man by withholding votes from the majority of a population which, of all the populations of the civilized world, is perhaps the least fitted to have votes.

THE MARRIAGE LAW.

THE literature of controversy is seldom of permanent interest, but it is probable that something of such interest may be anticipated for the volume of tracts which the Marriage Law Defence Association has just published on the deceased wife's sister question. The only thing wanting to make it a complete manual of the subject is a short introduction giving the history of the agitation on the subject—a history which is in itself equivalent to a condemnation of the proposal. That, however, might easily be supplied. It is not our present purpose to comment on the various papers which make up the book, though, in view of the probable attempt to renew the contest in Parliament, it may be recommended to every one who takes an interest in the matter. The present subject of comment is the last paper of the volume, containing a very interesting analysis of the history of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill as it fared last year before the Diocesan Conferences. At nineteen of these Conferences, it seems, the subject came up, and at seventeen of the nineteen formal motions were made and put, if necessary, to a division. In every case, without exception, the Bill was condemned, and the condemnation was in almost every case practically unanimous. In two dioceses only—Norwich and Salisbury—did amendments favourable to the Bill muster supporters enough to get into double figures, while the minority were in each case many times outnumbered by the majority. The analysis, in short, proves to demonstration that the voice of the Church of England as far as can be ascertained is emphatically and overwhelmingly against the proposed alteration of the law. The fact was known before, but it was not known so precisely.

It was not to be expected that this fact should be left unattacked—the expectation would have done but little justice to the resources of the agitation. But it has not suited the purpose of the agitators to put their real argument forward. They have contented themselves with urging that Diocesan Conferences do not represent the mind of the Church of England—a contention which may be safely left to itself and to the effect of the simple question "Then what does represent it?" But, if they dared, they would undoubtedly confess that the unhesitating attitude of the Church of England has in reality been one of their chief, though unavowed, instruments in converting what was once merely a paid private agitation into something like a party question. Unfortunately, to the political Nonconformists who form too large a part of Nonconformists generally (though there are still many honourable exceptions in the ranks of Nonconformity), it is sufficient for anything to be distasteful to the Church to make it agreeable to them. The desire of the average Nonconformist of the nineteenth century for his wife's sister, and the dislike of the average Nonconformist of the seventeenth for plum-pudding, are varying phases of one and the same feeling. But if some slight accession to the ranks of the enemies of the marriage law may be hoped from the operation of this discreditable motive, it is not unreasonable to expect an accession to the ranks of its defenders from the operation of a perfectly creditable one. It is, no doubt, a drawback of the present organization of the Church of England that its members may, often quite honestly, plead ignorance of its sense precisely because that sense has no definite and living voice or organ, except that of Convocation, which is *vox cleri* solely. Now, if the Diocesan Conferences do not provide a technically authoritative substitute for such voice, they go as near to such provision as may well be. And in this particular case they have spoken in a manner so distinct, and at the same time so entirely free from rational suspicion of official dictation, that no reasonable member of the Church can any longer pretend ignorance of the general opinions. He may choose to dissent; he can hardly attempt to argue that he is not *quoad hoc* a dissenter. Important as strengthening the already strong argument as to the unfairness of compelling clergymen to celebrate the marriage office in such cases, the record of the Diocesan Resolutions is still more important as pointing out to the laity what the opinion of the spokesmen of their fellows really is.

THE TRANSVAAL DELEGATES.

IT is not known whether the negotiations of the Transvaal delegates with Lord DERBY have been interrupted in consequence of an untoward and significant incident. An enterprising newspaper Correspondent has elicited from Mr. KRUGER and his colleagues a strange account of the deliberate discourtesy which was involved in the execution of the captive chief MAMPOER. The delegates confirm the report that Lord DERBY had requested them to procure from the acting Government of the Transvaal a commutation of the capital sentence passed on MAMPOER, or at least a respite. Although Mr. KRUGER himself had, before his departure from Pretoria, urged his substitute to put MAMPOER to death in the certain event of his being convicted, he professes to have asked by telegraph for a suspension of the sentence until he had exchanged further communications with Lord DERBY. The answer of the Executive Council, in the absence of the acting President, was that "the Council seeing no alternative whatever, MAMPOER was executed." It remains to be seen whether the delegates had specifically promised Lord DERBY that his moderate request should be granted. The deputation affects to believe that the time was past at which the sentence could be suspended or commuted. They are probably well aware that so absurd a law exists neither in the Transvaal nor elsewhere, and that the execution was intended to combine the gratification of revenge with the infliction of a fresh affront on the English Government. MAMPOER was charged both with rebellion and with the murder of his superior chief, SECOCOENI. The graver crime was probably committed, if at all, beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of the Transvaal. SECOCOENI, the well-known bearer of that name, had formerly defeated the Boers in the campaign which induced them to solicit, or to accept, the protection and sovereignty of England. The English authorities appointed MAMPOER to the chieftainship from which SECOCOENI was deposed. The Republican Government afterwards restored SECOCOENI to power, probably because MAMPOER was supposed to entertain a predilection for English rule. It is not surprising that he took an opportunity of revenging himself on his rival, and the Boers have thought fit to convict him of rebellion against themselves and of murder of his enemy. It is evident that the prosecution of a feud among heads of uncivilized tribes is in the nature of civil war, and that the death of one of the combatants widely differs from the technical definition of murder. The real offence for which MAMPOER has suffered was his former dependence on English patronage; and his execution may, perhaps, have been accelerated in consequence of Lord DERBY's request for delay. The Transvaal Government has not been always so austere in its condemnation of murder. The cruel and treacherous assassination of English prisoners under the eyes, and in one instance by the hands, of a Boer escort remains to the present day unpunished. It will not be a subject for regret if the latest act of disrespect to the English Government disinclines Lord DERBY to grant demands which might otherwise have been favourably regarded. It is probable that, unless the negotiations are broken off in resentment of the insolent act of the Executive Council, some concessions will be made. It would have been injudicious to receive the mission if the Government had intended to maintain all the terms of the Convention. One proposal of the delegates was to the effect that a part of the debt should be remitted; and pecuniary liberality, if it is more costly, is easier and simpler than political concession. When such a Power as England is asked to reduce or cancel a debt owing by a petty State, the chances are in favour of total or partial abandonment of the claim. The delegates question the justice of imposing on their constituents liabilities incurred during the period of English administration. They have no equitable claim to remission, having received full value for their acknowledgment of the debt in the liberal terms of the Convention. The balance, which they profess themselves willing to pay, is probably insignificant in amount, and a fresh promise to pay will be a doubtful security; but the whole discussion will be most conveniently postponed until an agreement on more complicated issues has been arranged.

If Mr. CHESON, of the Aborigines' Protection Society, is well informed, the Transvaal Government has no reason to boast of its treatment of the other prisoner for whom Lord DERBY interceded. NIABEL is the son and representative of MAMPOER, who, according to the statement of the Boers, acknowledged their sovereignty by a treaty or agreement

twenty years ago. NIABEL declares that he knew nothing of the treaty; but as a punishment for asserting his independence he is sentenced to imprisonment for life. A correspondent, for whose good faith Mr. CHESON vouches, declares that the members of NIABEL's tribe are distributed among the Boers as servants for a nominal term of five years, at a price payable to the Government. The arrangement furnishes a sufficient comment on the statements of the Transvaal representatives, that the natives are in no instance reduced to slavery. While the Boers deal in the manner which has been described with their Eastern neighbours, they boldly demand the surrender to their mercy of the Bechuanas on their Western frontier. Having occupied a portion of the lands belonging to the natives, they now contend that it is inconvenient to divide the territory of a tribe, and they propose that the chiefs should decide whether they wish to become subjects of the Republic. There can be little doubt that those who refused would be treated like MAMPOER or NIABEL. The grievances of the Bechuanas and the audacious injustice of the Boers were fully and accurately described by Mr. FORSTER in his eloquent speech delivered at the Mansion House in November last. It is not to be supposed that Lord DERBY will consent to the abandonment of chiefs and tribes who, if they were not the subjects or allies, were loyally disposed to the English Government. Mr. FORSTER expressed the opinion that the delegates would consent, if necessary, to any terms which relieved them from a considerable pecuniary liability and acknowledged their independence. For the rest, they might perhaps break any burdensome contract in the future as in the past. One member, at least, of the Cabinet which concluded the Pretoria Convention formally reminds his late colleagues that he would never have given his assent if he had supposed that the stipulated rights of the natives would afterwards be surrendered.

It may be hoped that ample precautions will be taken against the acquisition by the Transvaal Government of a control of the trade route from the Cape Colony to the interior of Africa. Mr. KRUGER and his colleagues profess "not to see the fairness of that road being exempt from taxation, while taxes are levied on all other roads from the seaports to the interior of Southern Africa"; but the delegates have apparently thought that there was some limit to English pliability. The delegates are therefore prepared to concede "the neutralization of the road so as to allow goods to pass over it duty free." Much ampler security ought to be taken against the probable pretensions of the Boers to place impediments in the way of colonial commerce. If geographical conditions allow of the exclusion of the trade route from the territory of the Transvaal, there could be no question hereafter of blocking or taxing the transit. It is mortifying to reflect that all necessary stipulations might have been without difficulty inserted in an agreement with the Transvaal if the English Government had not selected for negotiation the moment of defeat. The most discreditable transaction in the history of South Africa has also proved to be the most troublesome. It has often been remarked that timidity is almost always associated with rashness.

Having concluded a Convention in terms almost dictated by themselves, the Transvaal Boers now propose to revive the Sand River Treaty. It would be in the highest degree unwise to recur to a time when there could be no question of relations between the emigrant Boers and any foreign Power, and when the unoccupied country to the north was almost an unknown land. It is impossible to disregard the subsequent history of the Transvaal. It is not true that the annexation was effected by force; and the Convention itself is a proof that the English administration had acquired a legal character. The Boers had little reason to complain, for they derived from the annexation immediate safety, and they were relieved from their new obligations almost as soon as they expressed their discontent.

It is necessary either to maintain the suzerainty reserved in the Convention or to provide a substitute. The object of the arrangement was to prevent the establishment of relations between the Transvaal and any European Power. It is as necessary to the welfare and security of South Africa as of Australia to keep civilized nations at a distance. Foreign policy, with its consequences of incessant negotiation or of war, is an ancient evil in Europe. To the greater part of the Colonial Empire it is happily inapplicable. As two Dutch States have been established in South Africa, it is indispensable that they should be forbidden to con-

tract foreign alliances. If the Transvaal and the Orange River desire real independence, they will suffer no hardship from diplomatic isolation. No legitimate purpose would be served by a connexion with any European Power. Foreigners are not really injured by a political monopoly which is rendered innocuous by the English system of freedom of trade. Sir BARTLE FREERE in a recently published letter expresses a reasonable apprehension of the establishment of a South African settlement by the German Empire. The French are at present more reckless and more dangerous rivals. It may be possible to maintain friendly relations with the Transvaal; but the vassals of an ally or dependent of France would involve constant danger. The mode in which the COLONIAL SECRETARY and the Cabinet propose to deal with the Transvaal Convention is for the present properly kept secret. It is satisfactory to learn that in another part of South Africa the Government has not shrunk from resuming responsibility for the control of a territory occupied by natives. A Resident has been appointed for Basutoland, which is now definitely transferred from the Cape Colony to the Crown.

FRANCE AND ITS COLONIES.

IT is now long enough since the storm of Sontay to enable us to estimate the consequences of that feat of arms with some degree of accuracy. As far as they are visible, they can be summed up in a very few words. Admiral COURBET's victory has produced one more inspired article in the "leading journal," and that is all. The ADMIRAL himself has gone back to Hanoi to look after the commissariat, and has taken the greater part of his army with him, leaving a garrison to occupy the captured town. It is apparently becoming the recognized practice in French colonial warfare for a victorious commander to retire after a success. No sooner had General BOUET gained a victory than he was sent off home on a mission, and now Admiral COURBET has had suddenly to convert himself into a commissary-general. Meanwhile, the French army is going to keep quiet until further reinforcements have arrived, and the rainy season has come round again. The ADMIRAL may have good military reasons for not acting on the well-known principle that when you have an Asiatic on the run you should keep him on the run; but it certainly looks as if this is to be a war of fits and starts to the end of the chapter. While the French army is getting its breath again for a further advance on Bac Ninh, the diplomats will have their turn. In this comparatively peaceful phase of the struggle the Marquess TSENG has made the first move in the shape of a scheme of compromise published in the *Times*. There is scarcely even an affectation of secrecy about the authorship of the article on "China, and the Capture of Sontay" which has appeared in that favoured journal. The terms of this document have been commented upon with some solemnity, and it has been apparently accepted by the English press as an authoritative statement of the policy of the Chinese Empire. The honour is perhaps somewhat prematurely given. Before the Marquess TSENG can expect that the French will consider the terms of the compromise which he suggests, he must first convince them that he is authorized to propose it. Until that is done discussion is little better than waste of time. Now the Marquess TSENG has so acted of late, no doubt involuntarily, as to deprive his declarations of almost all importance. An ambassador who roundly asserts that certain consequences will follow a certain event, and who, when it occurs, is compelled to confess that he has been left without instructions, who then comes forward with a plan for a compromise, prefaced by an explicit confession that his country has no policy until an indefinite number of conflicting authorities have succeeded in making one among them, can scarcely expect to be taken seriously. If the Chinese Ambassador is still waiting to hear what the Tsungli Yamen and the Council of the Imperial Family are going to do now that Sontay has been captured, by what right did he assert that an attack on the town would be considered an act of war? This uncertainty as to the action of the Chinese Government makes it a matter of absolutely no importance whether the Ambassador's scheme for an arrangement was presented to M. FERRY months ago or only last week. The essential point is that there is no evidence that he speaks for anybody but himself. Nothing can be in worse taste than the insulting language of the

French press towards him. He has fought his diplomatic fight gallantly and skilfully, but it is fatally obvious that he is poorly supported. M. FERRY will have a perfect right to insist on receiving some satisfactory assurance that the Chinese Government has a policy before he enters into any further negotiations with its Ambassador. However unwise the Tonquin adventure may be, it is not to be supposed that the French will retire before the unsupported threats of the Marquess TSENG. The whole business stands where it has stood for months. The French are still resolved to go on by slow steps, and when they have got a little further we shall see what we shall see.

There is more satisfaction to be got from learning that the Chamber can decide a colonial question on principles of justice and sound policy. It has rejected an iniquitous proposal to expropriate the owners of 400,000 hectares of land in Algeria, and evict the inhabitants in order to make room for French colonists. It was, indeed, proposed to compensate the victims; but they were to be left at the mercy of a French jury, and the whole amount to be set aside for the purpose was 2,000,000*l.*, out of which funds were to be found for assisting the European immigrants. That such a plan should have been rejected by the Chamber is, no doubt, to its honour; but when it is stated in all its naked absurdity, it is hard to realize the state of mind of the Ministry which brought it forward. If M. FERRY had designed to drive the Arabs into rebellion, he could hardly have taken more effectual means to secure success. No native inhabitant of Algeria could have been sure of remaining unmolested for a year if this policy had once been begun. The credit due to the Chamber for its greater wisdom is largely counterbalanced by its tardiness in recognizing the folly and iniquity of what it was being asked to do. The scheme, which is the work of M. TIRMAN, the Governor-General of Algeria, was made public months ago. It was denounced from the first by M. LEROY BEAULIEU with all the vigour and good sense which have secured him the honour of a violent Ministerial opposition to his candidature at Lodève. If Frenchmen took an intelligent interest in colonial affairs, M. TIRMAN's egregious scheme would have been drummed out of court at its first appearance. But the great majority of Frenchmen neither know nor care anything about their colonies. They have a vague idea that these possessions help to support the dignity of the country, and form a happy hunting-ground for the unfortunates who cannot succeed at home; for the rest they leave everything to the Administration. In the present case the Government has gone too far and has suffered accordingly. It is no offence against charity to suppose that a fair proportion of the majority which voted against the Ministry's Bill were less interested to defend the Algerian Arabs than to save the Budget from the burden of another two millions; but it is something that they were not misled by the specious arguments of M. FERRY and M. TIRMAN, and Algeria has been saved from being made the subject of a most dangerous experiment. There is no sign that the defeat has affected M. FERRY's position, or will modify his general colonial policy in any way.

In Tunis the French Government is at last beginning to reap the benefits of a highly ingenious policy of obstruction. Ever since M. CAMBON succeeded M. ROUSTAN he has steadily acted in such a way as to make all decent government impossible in the Regency, with the object of forcing foreign nations to surrender the right of holding Consular Courts and controlling the BEY's finance. The French Government, in fact, has deliberately adopted in Tunis the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet in Egypt. It has hampered the native rulers, and refused to rule itself. There is, however, one considerable difference between the two cases. HER MAJESTY's Ministers have fostered anarchy from sheer vacillation, but the French have worked with a perfectly definite aim. They have from the first avowed their intention of retaining Tunis; and it is obvious that, if they are to govern the country, they must get rid of the capitulations by which European nations have provided for the defence of their subjects against the injustice and violence of Oriental methods of administration. At last they have succeeded. The English Government has surrendered its right of holding Consular Courts in Tunis, and it is known that other States will follow our example. It was so much a matter of course that this concession should be made that there is some reason to be surprised at the delay. From the moment that Europe agreed to recognize the

sovereignty of France in Tunis, it must have been prepared to surrender the privileges extorted from the BEX as defences against a barbarian Government. No civilized Western State would submit to the holding of foreign Consular Courts in its dominions. France has adopted a singularly undignified method of gaining its diplomatic victory. England at least, we may believe, would have been ready to treat for a satisfactory arrangement, even though its Maltese subjects had not been injured in their interests by the deliberate obstruction of M. CAMBON. Dignity, however, has long ceased to be a feature of French politics. If the Ministry at Paris think it necessary to keep up the form of a sham native Government in the Regency, that also is among their sovereign rights. We have practically agreed to recognize their possession of Tunis, and it follows as an inevitable consequence that we must be prepared to see British subjects hold in the Regency exactly the same position as they do in other French dominions.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

IT is the business of at least three functionaries to see that theatres are made as nearly fireproof as possible. The first, in rank if not in order, is the Lord Chamberlain; the second is the Inspector nominated by the Insurance Company; and the third is the manager or proprietor of the theatre. Besides these three, there is such a person as Mr. ARTHUR W. C. SHEAN, who writes to the *Times* of Wednesday, and who adds to his name "Captain and Vice-President Fire Brigade Association, and Consulting Fire Brigade Engineer." No one can be better qualified. We have thus three people and Mr. SHEAN concerned in the inspection of theatres; and, if there is indeed safety in numbers, we are safe. But what does Mr. SHEAN say? He visited the other night a large London theatre which had been inspected but recently by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN or his deputy. This is the state of things he discovered and reveals:—The fire buckets were in their places, but empty, for the "cleaners must have been using them"; the fireman in charge was ignorant as to the pressure on the hydrant, never having tried it; a line of hose to extinguish fire in the flies was projected as a future improvement; there were no hand pumps, and no fire-axe ready for cutting away burning scenery; finally, though three firemen are employed in the theatre, they have no system of concerted action and no signal by which to give alarm of fire without alarming the public. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN's visit was unfortunately timed a few minutes after, instead of before, the arrival of a few lengths of hose, otherwise his decision might have been different. The manager is a cynic, apparently. When Mr. SHEAN asked him "Have you timed your exits?" he calmly replied, "No; but it does not matter to us if the place is burnt, as the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has passed it." Were he a railway director he could not have shown more indifference to human life and suffering, but we cannot help wishing Mr. SHEAN had gone a little further and given us some better clue to his identity. The quality of cynicism is not sufficient. True, Mr. SHEAN might incur, under our law, a prosecution for libel, but other theatrical managers should subscribe to protect him by an indemnity fund. In the United States the whole truth would have come out. As it is, we have all London theatres more or less injured, in the opinion of the public, and no very obvious remedy possible. The officials of the Chamberlain's Office are already too hard-worked. They cannot go round to find out which is the theatre intended by Mr. SHEAN. "In the event of the burning of a London theatre with serious loss of life, doubtless," as Mr. SHEAN remarks, "the greatest public indignation would be manifested." Mr. SHEAN has done perhaps the best he could by writing to the *Times* and putting us on our guard, which, in the present case, however, only means ruining the pleasure of a large number of timid and nervous people, and keeping some of them at home just at the season when theatres put forth their greatest attractions. At the Vienna Electrical Exhibition the other day a wonderful invention was shown to which attention should be called in this country. It has been applied with success at Pesth and various other places. A watchman sits on the stage beside a row of buttons. When he presses one, down comes a vast iron shutter which divides the theatre into two fireproof compartments, and separates the auditorium from the stage. He presses another, and instantly

additional means of exit are automatically opened. Lastly, a cascade descends, at the touch of a third button, from a tank on the roof, and pours over the flames. The only omission we note is that of a mechanical watchman. As at present arranged, a touch of the wrong button will add drowning to the other horrors of the situation. But some such contrivance is sadly needed. We are, it is true, forewarned by Mr. SHEAN and many other people, but we are not forearmed. It is the manifest but unpleasant duty of every one who has the power of doing something to arouse public attention not to let this question sleep, but to ventilate it on all possible occasions. What is true of our theatres is still more true of churches, only that churches are seldom crowded oftener than once a week. It is true of concert-halls and meeting-rooms of all kinds. When some awful catastrophe has occurred, some people will say, "I told you so," and perhaps others that "We ought to reform the Municipality"—which seems at present the remedy for every urban ill. But every theatre in London may be burnt long before a new Municipality has been got into working order; and it is almost certain in the meanwhile that the present law is enough, if it is properly enforced. Clearly it is not properly enforced by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

CUT-THROAT EUCHRE AND POKER.

IN nothing do the national characteristics of a country show themselves more thoroughly than in its sports and games. When at play one must perforce be natural; in the practice of old amusements, or in the invention of new ones, the mind follows its natural bent, and the amusements in their turn react on the mind, and bring out or emphasize the leading traits of character. As with their songs and their proverbs, so would it be easy to predicate the distinguishing characteristics of a people from a study of their national games. Nowhere is this better seen than in America. It is hardly possible to understand, and certainly impossible to appreciate thoroughly, that class of American literature, of which the writings of "Mark Twain" and of Mr. Bret Harte may be taken as types, without some acquaintance with two essentially American games of cards—Euchre and Poker; so completely are Western modes of speech and thought permeated with illustrations drawn from the practice and terminology of these games.

Who, for instance, could understand the description of a luncheon in the *Innocents Abroad*, at which every one "passes," unless he were familiar with the game of euchre? Or who could, without such knowledge, properly appreciate the allusions in the poem of "The Heathen Chinese," in which one player has his sleeve

Stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive?

Yet the "Chinese" contrives to score points over his two Californian adversaries until his game is exposed and the catastrophe, brought on by the unfortunate fact that

At last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Euchre, as will be seen below, like most other games of cards requires a good memory and a certain rapidity of judgment in order to secure success, combined, of course, with average luck in the matter of holding high cards. Poker, on the other hand, is a game that demands quite different qualities. You do not even need to hold good cards. Perfect coolness, impassibility of countenance, the finest nerve, keen discrimination, and an almost intuitive perception of the motives of play in others, together with constant variety in your own style of play, so that your adversaries may never be able to draw inferences from it as to your motives—these are the main characteristics of a good poker player. Quite some of the best American stories are about cards, or, at all events, contain allusions to them. The reason that they are the best is that they bring out the national traits and peculiarities. The essence of poker consists in "bluffing," which is the result or expression of that habit of self-assertion which, without intending to impute anything offensive to our kinsmen over the sea, one cannot help remarking as peculiarly American. It is a great mistake to suppose that this arises from a mere vulgar spirit of boastfulness. On the contrary, it was in its origin merely their form of entering their protest against British superciliousness and assumption of superiority, and it has no doubt contributed greatly to making the United States what they have become in the short space of a single century. To go back to our games. Euchre is probably German in its origin, as is proved by the name given to the highest card in the game—the knave of trumps—which is called the right Bower, evidently a corruption of the German Baur, or knave. It may be played by two, three, or four persons. It is in its nature and general rules of play akin to Ecarté; but has several peculiarities which give it a character of its own. It is played with a short pack of thirty-two cards. The principal point to remember is the value of the two Bowers; the highest card is, as has been already said, the right Bower, or knave of trumps, and the next highest the left Bower, or knave of the same colour, i.e. if

hearts are trumps the knave of diamonds is the left Bower; and not only is it the second highest card, but it becomes a trump, and you must follow suit with it as such; for instance, if the knave of hearts, being right Bower, is led, and you have the knave of diamonds, but no hearts, you must play the knave of diamonds. It is a little difficult for a beginner to remember that the left Bower is not of the suit which it professes to be, but is a trump. The other cards follow in their usual order of value, the ace of trumps being consequently the third highest. If two persons are playing, the dealer deals five cards to each, and turns up the next one; but this does not necessarily become the trumps card. The first player looks at his hand, and if he thinks himself strong enough in that suit to make the odd trick, he says, "I order it up"; on which the dealer discards face downwards the weakest card in his hand, and the turn-up card becomes confirmed as trumps, and forms part of the dealer's hand. It remains, however, on the table face upwards, to be played by him when necessary. Should the first player not feel himself sufficiently strong in the suit turned up, he says, "I pass"; it then falls to the dealer to approve or not of the card; if he wishes to confirm it as trumps, he discards his weakest card without saying a word, and his adversary then leads; but if the dealer, too, is not strong enough in that suit, he signifies his intention of "passing" by turning the card face downwards; for the game is played with as few words as possible between the players. If the dealer passes, it becomes the turn of the first player to select any suit excepting that originally turned up as trumps, which he announces by saying, "I make so-and-so trumps"; if not strong enough in any, he says, "Pass again." The dealer then in his turn may "make" any suit; or, if he too is weak all round, he throws down his cards, saying, "Pass out," and his adversary then deals afresh. Whichever player "orders up" or "makes" any suit trumps, takes on himself the responsibility of making at least the third, or odd, trick; and should he fail to do so, he is "euchred," and the other player scores double. The game consists of five points; three or four tricks counting one, and all five of them two, as at écarté. When there are four players, the two opposite to each other are partners, and play of course into each other's hands; but if any one feels himself sufficiently strong to make the odd trick by himself, without aid from his partner, he may say, "I play it single"; his partner then lays his hand on the table face downwards, and the player plays alone against the other two, and in this case scores double if he wins, but only loses single if he fails to make the odd trick. A curious variety of the game is three-handed or "cut-throat" euchre. In this the hands are dealt to each of the three players as usual, and each of them scores for himself, on his own account, but whichever of them "orders up," "takes up," or "makes" any suit trumps, has to play that hand alone against the other two, who become for the nonce temporary partners. It will thus be seen that the three are constantly changing partnership or playing single in the course of a single game. The "cut-throat" part of the business does not come in till towards the end of the game. Suppose A. and B. are temporary partners and A. has scored 1 or 2, while B. has scored 3, and C. 3 or less; in this case C. having "made" something trumps is "euchred" if he fails to secure the odd trick; this would add 2 to each of the scores of the others, and A. would thus be 3 or 4 at most, whereas B. would be 5 and therefore win the game. If C., on the other hand, makes the odd trick, he will only add 1 to his score, and will not be out. It is therefore evident that it will better answer A.'s purpose to "cut his own throat" by playing badly on purpose so as to lose the trick for himself and his partner, rather than win it with that partner, and thus lose the game himself. "Cut-throat" euchre, however, at best, must be considered a poor and a badly constructed game; it cannot be right to have to play deliberately to lose; and there must occur conjunctures in which one player must in any case lose; for instance, suppose that A. stands at 2, B. at 4, and C. at 3, and that B. "orders up"; if he wins the trick, he is of course out, and wins the game; while, if the partners A. and C. "euchre" him, A. will only be 4, but C. will be 5; thus, whether A. plays his cards well or ill, he must lose, and he might be in a position to make terms with either of the others as to how he should play, which of course is undesirable. Cut-throat euchre might fairly be cited as another instance of the truth of the old adage that two is company, while three is none.

Poker is essentially a gambling game. In fact, it is impossible to play it for love, as the only check against utter recklessness—namely, the fear of losing your money—would be wanting. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that the chief excitement of it consists, not so much in winning the stakes as in the pleasure of outwitting your adversary, especially when you have induced him to throw up his hand while you have all the time got a much worse one yourself. A recent American representative, accredited to the Court of St. James's, who was neither a historian nor a poet, favoured London society some ten years ago with a little treatise on the game, and an article in these columns has dealt with the same subject. The game has become, therefore, tolerably well known in England, and it is unnecessary to go at length into its somewhat complicated rules and terminology. Suffice it to say that it is an adaptation of and an improvement on the old-fashioned English game of "brag." Each hand consists of five cards, instead of three, as in its English prototype; so the variety of combinations, and consequent difficulty of forming an estimate of what the other players hold, is infinitely greater. Each player has the opportunity of changing

any or all of his cards once; this process, of course, must be carefully watched, so as to gain some indication of what your adversaries are trying for. It is, at best, a very slight and uncertain one that can be thus gained, as an experienced player will discard differently at different times from precisely the same hand, and resort to all sorts of devices to throw his adversaries off the scent. The hands rank in a strictly defined order of value, which is easily mastered; and it is practically impossible that two of the same value should ever be out at the same time. The play simply consists in each player in turn increasing his stake so as to make it equal to the total stake of the last preceding player, and, if he sees fit, he may, whenever it comes to his turn to play, "raise" it by as much as he likes; any one who does not choose to "see the raise"—i.e. to cover it with a like amount—can at any time "run," i.e. throw down his cards and abandon all claim to share in the pool; whenever the stakes are equal all round, and the last player does not "raise," he can "call"; the best hand shown then takes the pool, but those who do not claim it are not obliged to show, and thereby expose their style of play. Frequently all but one go out; and all the money is taken, without his even showing his hand, by the player who has "gone better" than any one else. Euchre, as we have seen, is played in a grave, sententious manner, as few words being used as possible. "Poker talk," on the contrary, has passed into a proverb; you may say as much as you like "with intent to deceive," the great object being to throw your adversary off his guard. With a really good hand much judgment is required to draw on the others into betting high; if you "raise" too much yourself you may frighten them off prematurely; yet if you bet too cautiously, they may divine that you are trying to egg them on. At one time Poker was played by simply betting on the five cards originally dealt, without the hands being "helped" to any new ones. But this last method, which is called "draw-poker," or even for short alluded to as "a little game of draw," is now the one universally adopted. Since the introduction of the game into Europe, and especially since it has been so much played by English and American ladies at French watering-places, certain abominations, such as "jack pots," and other novel practices, have been introduced. These form no part of the pure and original game, and are regarded as heresies by all true lovers thereof. Poker is unquestionably the national game of America, notwithstanding the fact that base-ball has arrogated to itself that title. Expressions derived from it permeate the whole language, and are familiar among certain classes in the mouths of young and old—from the rough who, in the menacing presence of a hostile "five-shooter," put up his "Arkansas toothpick," with the remark, "A full hand's good by—!" to the child who in the course of a geography lesson met the "School-marm's" question, "What is a strait?" with the prompt reply "Beats two pairs."

UNHISTORICAL SOCIALISM.

SOCIALISM, we are frequently told, is in the air; and it is only the flippancy of the *bourgeois* which remembers that that phrase has two meanings. The great Mr. George is coming to tell us our misdeeds at St. James's Hall next week. There is a new Socialist magazine, with one good poet and some not so good prose writers on its staff; and Mr. Hyndman has written an *Historical Basis of Socialism*, which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. have published. The title is promising, and invites reading; for, if Socialism has hitherto been a remarkably slippery thing, history, at any rate, offers something to the grasp. We know where to have history; and it is at least probable that we shall know where to have Mr. Hyndman when he becomes historical.

As a matter of fact, there are several results which may be supposed to follow from the reading of his book. A note of his on Bakunin—"Very pretty reading it is for comfortable fathers of snug, respectable, middle-class households"—may or may not define the effect which he himself intended to produce by his own work. It may irritate some people, dismay some people, furnish some with matter for a great deal of cynical amusement. From the last point of view it is certainly a great success. When the cynic finds Mr. Hyndman eulogizing the fifteenth century as a time of something like Paradise for the worker in England, when he finds that worker described as generally owning land and not obliged to fight unless he liked, and (as he foresees long before the quotation turns up) discovers this statement to be justified only by the well-known account of Latimer's father, who "had no land of his own" and who did the King service with man and horse whenever he was called on, the modern Diogenes is fully entitled to laugh. He may repeat his cachinnation if he likes when he finds Mr. Hyndman so accurate as to speak of Sir James Ramsden, as to allege that Lord Salisbury has an interest in one of the worst dens of St. Giles's, as to cite Sir James Matheson (who lavished a vast fortune like water on improving the condition of his tenants) among examples of "infamous exactions," and to mention complacently "the records of the Sutherland clearances," as if those records, as regards any hardship indicted, were not proven lies. It is still pleasanter when Mr. Hyndman is discovered stigmatizing his friend Mr. George's theories as "fundamentally unsound"; and complaining as mildly as it is in his nature to complain of anything, that he has read Bakunin and cannot quite make out what the desirable anarchy of that great economist so much as means. Nor is it unfruitful of delight to the wicked man who aims

constantly at the discovery of Mr. Carlyle's blue dahlia—the greatest fool living—to meet with a brother man who dismisses Edmund Burke as having “sold himself to the nobles.” When a *soi-disant* economist describes the feudal incidents which were commuted at the Restoration as having been “twenty-five per cent. of the value of the holdings,” an historical student, with a turn for sneering, who remembers what those incidents were estimated at and what the rental of their subjects then was, may be pardoned a quiet chuckle. But this is not the line of review that we at this present incline to take. To quote *Cœur-de-Lion's* words *apud* Sir Walter:—“If we have vantage on our head [which as regards Mr. Hyndman we think we certainly have] we will have none on our hand.” We shall for some minutes try to make ourselves as ignorant of the facts of history as Mr. Hyndman in point of detail. We shall treat him as a well-meaning person who has a proposal to make, or who says he has one, and consider without prejudice and without digression what that proposal is.

Unfortunately the most diligent reading of Mr. Hyndman is quite insufficient to discover what we should be only too glad to communicate to our readers. After wading through some five hundred pages of history, according to Mr. Hyndman, we can discover nothing except that whatever is, is wrong. How it is to be set right Mr. Hyndman appears to be utterly unable to tell us. It is not that he does not try. His book is by no means merely what it might be taken as being from its title—a review of the history of England from the Socialist point of view. It is this, no doubt; but it is much more. After Mr. Hyndman has, with innumerable blunders of detail, established the undeniable and (by reasonable economists of the school he calls *bourgeois*) undenied propositions—that after the abolition of villenage, and during the scarcity of labour caused by the Black Death and the Hundred Years' War and the dispute of the Roses, the English labourer and yeoman had palmy times; that the discovery of America, the dissolution of monasteries, and other economic events of the sixteenth century put an end to those times; that the first Poor-law was in effect an acknowledgment of the lien which the English pauper had on the confiscated property of the Church; that the growth of the middle class has relatively depressed the lower—we naturally look to him for some plan which, taking the present as it stands, may make it and keep it, according to his views, a better present and a still better future. We look in vain; though, in fact, half the book is devoted to a rambling discussion of this point. Mr. Hyndman has ransacked Blue-books and newspapers for details of the miseries of the lower classes—which, by the way, he treats as inaccurately and unphilosophically as he treats history. Thus, to glance in passing at an awkward subject, he constantly asserts that it is misery which produces prostitution—a theory hopelessly unsound from the scientific point of view. He plods laboriously through the German *Kathedersocialisten* to try and get up a theory opposite to the “bourgeois” theory. He gives us in a note the programme of the Democratic Federation for taxing income progressively, nationalizing land, nationalizing labour, nationalizing the money trade, and what not. But how a population which, by his own account, has been created and adjusted by capital and labour economics, is to be adjusted to a state of economics where there are to be practically no capitalists, he does not attempt to explain. Wiser in one sense, and unwiser in another, than the neo-Fourierists, who sketch elaborate plans of co-operative national subdivision, in which somehow or other everybody is to be forced to produce, and everybody is to be forced to consume, his quota, Mr. Hyndman breathes not one word of the means whereby the new state of things is to be kept in operation. That not merely “all landlords are devils,” as the Irishman said the other day, but all capitalists are devils, Mr. Hyndman is quite sure. But what is to be put in the capitalists' and landlords' places he as evidently has no idea. We turn over his pages and examine his citations from the robust Rodbertus and the eminent Engels in vain to discover even a hint of how to solve the great problem of adjusting a people formed, bred, and nourished on the capitalist and industrial system to the hand-to-mouth or patriarchal system. One brief passage only tells us that, in Mr. Hyndman's opinion, the security of individual property is not necessary to induce men to invent, to discover, and so forth. Even in that passage there is no trace of Mr. Hyndman's knowledge, if it exists, of the certain and obvious fact that, though invention and discovery may go on without the spur of gain, the utilization of invention and discovery generally has never taken place without the aid of the industrial and capitalist system which he hates. But if this passage contains no evidence of such saving knowledge, it contains plenty of evidence of destructive ignorance and paralogism. “Wealth,” says Mr. Hyndman, “may easily be made as plentiful as water. But its distribution must be for each according to his needs, as the rule will be for each according to his abilities.” Here are three propositions, two of which, if not the third, are by experience absurd. But, granting that experience only can show their absurdity, what is to be said of the man who can simultaneously announce the two last? For as surely as any man rules according to his abilities, so surely will the distribution to each not be according to his needs. If the rule of life is that each is to have (apparently by the allotment of some supernatural power) according to his needs, abilities do not come into the problem; and, as soon as abilities come in, woe to the needs. Given a society consisting of a prizefighter and an infant in arms, even with wealth as plentiful as water, it would go hard with the needs of the infant if the abilities of the prizefighter took a fancy to the infant's bottle.

In short, Mr. Hyndman has signally failed. If he were as accurate a relater of the facts of the past as he is an inaccurate, if his arguments in the historical part of his book were as indisputable in premisses and as logical in conclusion as they are baseless in fact and illicit in process, his book would still be subject to one unsurmountable objection. Everybody has heard of Coleridge, who was an excellent talker if he was allowed to start from no premisses and come to no conclusion. Mr. Hyndman is not an excellent economist, not even if he be allowed to start from false premisses and come to no conclusion. A kinsman (intellectually) of his who is languishing at Astrachan or thereabouts wrote a famous novel entitled *What is to be Done?* That is the Socialist question, no doubt. Mr. Hyndman has not even indicated what is to be done, despite all his Democratic Federation programmes. He has produced no evidence to show, he has not even endeavoured to grapple with the grand objection that the reforms of the Democratic Federation, supposing them to be quietly accepted to-morrow, could not stand for a month. He has shown not the least comprehension of the fact that the present state of society, good or bad, is the result of natural causes, and that to prevent its recurring you must expel nature. He is not even aware, to judge from his own words, that the very anomalies which he produces are in effect the most hopeless condemnation of his theories. He tells us somewhere triumphantly that, according to somebody's statistics, every fisherman nets three hundred pounds worth of fish per annum, and gets only thirty pounds. The fact is extremely dubious, though far from impossible. But it is much more damaging to Mr. Hyndman's position to admit it than to deny it. For who supply the means for equipping the large fishing fleets which at once secure this great mass of fish and by competition cut down the wages of the individual fisherman? The capitalists whom Mr. Hyndman would send to a moral if not a physical *lanterne*. Who built the railways that take the fish hundreds of miles from the point of landing—the steam carriers that enable it to be used instead of wasting? The capitalists. Who buy the fish? The capitalists, small and great, the non-producing inhabitants of Mr. Hyndman's “lounge-towns,” the tradesmen, the clerks, the professional men, whom his ideal must surely annihilate. Under the scheme of the Democratic Federation it will be necessary to reconcile the population of the nineteenth century with the economics of the fifteenth. Even the Democratic Federation itself has not proposed anything like the Salt-law of the *ancien régime*, to the effect that any one of a certain income shall buy a certain weight of fish. Fifty Democratic Federations could not get such a law obeyed if they passed it. The same is the case with every industry. The capital fallacy (we beg Mr. Hyndman's pardon for the employment of the odious adjective) of all Socialists, no matter of what colour or kidney, is the notion that a population which is the result and the inevitable equation of a given social state can be adjusted to a state entirely different; that wealth-producing, commodity-desiring, and all the other conditions of the present economic atmosphere will remain undisturbed when that economic atmosphere is exchanged for one entirely different. Mr. Hyndman would like to keep with one hand Mr. Chamberlain the orchid-fancier, the weekly-tradesman's-bookpayer, the salary issuer, and do away with Mr. Chamberlain the screw manufacturer, the fundholder, the drawer of some thousands a year from the State, the owner of a costly house and acres of costly ground. He would like to have his Mr. Chamberlain, and eat him too—a result equally unjust to Mr. Chamberlain and impossible in itself. It is the same with all the opponents of bourgeois economy; they always wish to have their Mr. Chamberlain, and eat him too—to kill the capitalist goose, and yet retain the income of golden eggs. It is hard on Mr. Chamberlain and the goose; but it is, perhaps, harder on the reasonable minority of mankind that in all these centuries the fable of Menenius Agrippa should still be necessary to repeat and not understood of those to whom it is repeated.

LAZZARONI AND GALANTUOMINI.

THE Lazzaroni who played so great a part in the painting and fiction of an earlier generation have disappeared from the harbour and the mole of Naples. The observant traveller is obliged to omit them from his note-book, the sentimental tourist inquires after them in vain. Even Mr. Cook's enterprise cannot discover and reinstate them, though many of his excursionists resent their absence as a personal injury, and look upon the improved police arrangements of the city as a gross fraud practised upon themselves. In a word, the Lazzaroni of our youth “have had their day and ceased to be.” But of late years their name has been applied by many Italian authors to all Neapolitans of the lower class; and, though it can hardly be considered a courteous term, it is a convenient one, and, as it has become current, we may adopt it in this sense without adopting the hostility in which it had its origin.

The very aversion and contempt which to Italian ears the designation implies are characteristic, for nowhere is class feeling so strong and so bitter as in Naples. In other cities the various strata of society merge gradually into one another, here they are divided by a hard and fast line. The old nobility, the middle-class, and the populace live side by side, and yet apart; the very sympathy which exists between the two extremes of the social

scale is in great part due to their common dislike of the body that "unites by separating" them. In each of these great divisions there are, of course, distinctions of wealth and position, through which a man of ability and ambition may rise; but he is seldom able to surmount the barriers that divide them from each other, and he rarely desires to do so, for he holds the class immediately above him in profound contempt; he ridicules its pretensions, and abhors its religious and political ideals. It is not a question of wealth, but of caste. Among the Lazzaroni there are men who are in possession of considerable means, yet they still remain true to the dress, the habits, and the opinions of their forefathers; while the poorest Galantuomo, as he styles himself, endeavours to proclaim by his costume and manner that he is not as those among whom he lives. Hence the mutual repulsion is strongest at the very point where it might have been supposed that the two classes would have passed into each other. The distinction between them is obvious to every eye, and it is accentuated in all the relations of life from the smallest to the greatest. The Galantuomo is studious of his personal appearance. His hat, coat, and boots are always carefully brushed, and in as close an approach to the newest fashion as his means will allow. If he is poor, he will submit to a long course of asceticism to provide himself with a walking-stick, and abstain from sundry dinners to procure a pair of gloves. As the Lazzaroni say, "he spends more on hair than salad oil." He loves public places, and frequents the doors of cafés; but it is in a political meeting that he feels he shows himself to the greatest advantage, for there he can display, not only his elegance, but his manliness, by speaking, or at least voting, against the Pope, the Government, and all existing powers. There is a certain inherited sense of danger that lends zest to these safe and harmless exhibitions. He knows that no one in authority will think of calling in question the way in which he speaks and votes; but his father and uncle may very likely have been imprisoned for years because they advocated far less extreme opinions, and his advance beyond their point of view ought, he thinks, to entitle him to share their recognized position as heroes. It certainly is not his fault that there are now no dungeons or galleys to be dared; in despondent hours he sometimes thinks it rather hard that this gate to the temple of fame should have been closed against him, and to do him justice this shabby genteel dandy would probably have borne himself with as much self-conscious grace on a barricade or before a reactionary court as he now does at the door of a theatre.

At home he shows to less advantage. "He leaves his opinions with his shoe dust on the door-mat." Though a Radical, he insists on slavish obedience; though a rationalist, he desires that his wife and daughters should be sincere adherents of the Catholic Church. For their morals he has an especial care. When he goes out, not content with locking them in, he takes away their hats and shoes, so that even if another key were found, it would be impossible for them to make a decent appearance in the streets, and their vanity, he thinks, will prevent them from issuing bare-headed or barefooted. On Sundays and Saints' days, sometimes even daily, they are permitted to go to mass, but on such occasions they are always accompanied by some old woman, who enjoys the confidence of the husband and father. Here, however, he is generally content to set a limit to his authority. The ladies of the household may sit upon their balcony, and there listen to any compliments they can hear, or receive any little presents that may be thrown from the windows above or around. If the head of the family were to be told of such a thing, he would simply whistle, "I have my birds in my cage."

It is difficult to form a clear conception of the Galantuomo's sentiments with respect to religion. While in good health nothing delights him more than a bold attack on the Church, unless indeed it be a bitter jest about the clergy. As soon as he is seriously ill, however, he sends for the priest as well as the doctor, and it is curious to remark how confirmed invalids of this class will oscillate between blasphemy and devotion, as the symptoms improve or grow threatening. If such a man is restored to health, he of course declares that he only allowed the priest to be called out of consideration for his wife; and so great is the value that Neapolitans of the middle-class attach to external appearances, that it may fairly be questioned whether it is anxiety for his funeral or for his future state that induces the sick man to summon his spiritual adviser.

In all these respects the Lazzaroni differ widely from the middle class. They care little for dress, except in so far as it denotes their station, and prefer a ragged jacket to a gentleman's cast-off coat—not because they object to second-hand clothing, but because any costume but that common to their profession would excite the ridicule of their acquaintances. Their usual life is one of extreme frugality; but they delight in occasional banquets of four or five courses, and on the eve of a great festival they will even pawn their bedding to provide the means for such a feast. Their wives and daughters of course possess a feminine love of finery, but it is shown in a liking for bright colours rather than in an attempt to imitate the fashion of the day. For the South, these women are allowed a large amount of liberty, but their brothers and husbands are inexorable in punishing the smallest abuse of it. Nor will their lovers endure their maiden caprices with anything like the patience a young lady has a right to expect. A peasant or fisherman who has been jilted considers himself bound in honour either to stab his successful rival, or to inflict a gash on the face of his beloved in as public a manner as possible; and elderly women are said to show their scars with a certain

pride, as so many indubitable testimonials to their former charms. Unless the girl is very clearly in the right, or has acted strictly in accordance with their orders, none of her male relations will think of avenging such a blow, though in other cases they are only too ready to answer with their knives any insult that may be offered her. For the Lazzaroni are the only class of Neapolitans who acknowledge a woman's right to have a decisive voice in determining her own marriage, and so they leave her to conduct her love affairs on her own responsibility. It might be thought that such a privilege would be valued; yet it is only among the younger women that any desire to rise in the social scale seems to exist. Perhaps it is a mere question of dress after all. They are compelled by custom to walk the streets bare-headed, whereas a Galantuomo would starve rather than allow one of his female relations to appear in public without a hat. To possess such a piece of finery is often a poor girl's highest aspiration. She cannot buy it for herself, for that would expose her to endless ridicule; but if she is in service of any kind and her mistress tells her to wear one, she will look upon the command as more than equivalent to a considerable increase of wages; for then she can say to her sisters and cousins as she puts on the new head-dress, "You see I am obliged to wear it," and at the same time feel that she is rising above them by doing so.

The life of the Lazzaroni, like that of most of us, falls far short of the Christian ideal, yet they are sincere believers in their Church, and are not ashamed of the faith they hold. Though they rarely take an active part in politics, their opinions are clerical; they remember the dethroned dynasty with an affection which others find it difficult to understand, and entertain a half-sentimental and now wholly despairing wish to see it restored. "She alone can do it," an old woman will often say with a sigh, pointing to the gaudy print of the Madonna which is sure to be hanging somewhere near the head of her bed. This feeling does not arise simply from that longing for "the good old times" which is common in every age and country; for in the hour of danger the Lazzaroni have often given convincing proof of their loyalty to their kings. In Nelson's days, for instance, while the middle class strongly sympathized with the French, they thronged to Cardinal Ruffo's banner, and in 1848 they overthrew by a popular movement the Ministry which the middle class had forced upon the Court, and thus struck the first serious blow at the Italian Revolution. When Garibaldi entered the city, it is true, they joined the crowd that greeted him with enthusiastic cheers; but as soon as the hero had refused to sanction the miracle of the liquefaction by his presence, they withdrew, whispering to each other that he must be guilty of some strange and hidden crime which he knew would be made manifest if he ventured to attend so holy a service. Indeed the more pious among them still regard every increase of taxation as a new penance inflicted on them for their having made common cause with the Liberals, though it was only for so short a time. Thus both their religious and their political convictions are serious enough, though they are often displayed in a grotesque way. On one of their favourite festivals, for instance, they sacrifice birds to the Madonna by bringing them to church with them, and letting them fly as soon as the bells ring for the Gloria. They are fond of attending funeral masses; but on such occasions their prayers, though sincere, are not quite disinterested, as they expect the dead to prove their gratitude by revealing lotto numbers to them in a dream. In evil days they are inclined to trust to Santa Anna rather than to their own exertions, and in the best nights they tremble at the thought of sleeping without a light.

It is not, therefore, difficult to explain the dislike which the Neapolitans of the middle and the lower classes feel for each other. They disagree on the most important points on which men can differ. The contrast between them is obvious at a glance; and there is no action of their daily lives in which it does not appear. They repel each other instinctively, intellectually, and morally. For all practical purposes the men who belong to the middle class are the most important; the whole government and the most important business of the city are in their hands; but for the mere observer the Lazzaroni are more interesting, as they possess an unwritten code of manners and morals which in many respects resembles that of the middle ages more closely than any that is recognized in modern times.

OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.

FIELDING, in his *History of Tom Jones*, after describing "the outside of Sophia," his charming heroine, continues:—"Nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it." Here, however, his description stops short. Her bodily charms he had painted, for he had no other way of bringing them before his reader's eyes. But with her character he dealt in quite another way. "As there are," he writes, "no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature, so it is needless to mention them here; nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character."

If to introduce a character with a minute description is an affront to the reader's understanding, it is one that has of late years been very commonly offered. Perhaps our modern novelists

assume that their readers have no understanding; in many cases we should not be prepared to say that in this assumption they are wrong. Be that as it may, neither authors nor readers seem to know anything of that pleasure which Fielding mentions. In fact, to the reading world in general it has, we fear, lost most of its relish. We see that, as regards some of the pleasures of the body, there is on the part of many persons willingness enough to add to their enjoyment by taking a share in the preparations that they need. At no time, perhaps, has there been a greater liking for roughing it, as it is called. A great number of people every year spend their holidays in camping out, and before they eat their dinner sometimes catch it, and very often cook it. Before they can sleep they must first pitch their tent and arrange their own couch. Before they can breakfast, they must light their own fire and boil their own kettle. But with all this activity of the body, there has come an indolence of the mind even in respect of enjoyments. The reader of the present day does not wish, in Lamb's pleasant words, "to cry halves to anything that he finds." He has not indeed any wish—we still borrow the thought from *Eliot*—to "find." All that he asks is that the author should "bring." He would have every writer like the "true Caledonian," who "brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it." He wants to have all trouble spared him, so that he may make his way through a book with as little effort as is made by an idle man who on a summer's day, without laying hand to oar, is carried in his boat down some stream, as quick-flowing as it is shallow. He knows nothing of that pleasure which Fielding describes which comes to us as we form our own judgment of the character of a hero or a heroine. He asks in all things for the direction of the court. He requires that the judge should sum up before the facts have been set forth, and even before the trial has fairly begun. He would have all the characters labelled like the Greek pictures of old—and carefully labelled too. Each story must begin with a full descriptive catalogue. He must be told what he must look for and what he will find, just as if he were going to spend a day at the Fisheries Exhibition.

No doubt there have been in most ages, if not perhaps in all, readers of this indolent disposition. One of them complained to Johnson that he found Richardson very tedious. "Why, sir," Johnson answered, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." He used to say of *Clarissa* that "it was the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart." Now to enter into this sentiment, to master this knowledge, an effort, and a long effort, must be made. To the author's reason the reader must bring an understanding. He must bring patience also. One of Richardson's novels is not to be swallowed down in an afternoon. The sentiment of a long story cannot be seized by one who reads and skips, nor without some trouble can the human heart be studied. There is one great advantage that is afforded by a novel that is written on Fielding's method. It supplies so many more interesting subjects of conversation. When each reader is left to form his own judgment of the hero or heroine there must always be a considerable variety of opinion. Eager discussions can be raised, and characters can be fought over with as much ardour as if they had lived either on the world's great stage or in the next parish. Thus there are many Sophias. There is Fielding's Sophia and there is Tom Jones's Sophia. "But I also have my Sophia," each reader may say; "and you, my dear sir, you also have yours. Yours is not the real Sophia; not, if I may so express myself, Sophia's Sophia; but as a study of character it is not uninteresting." Round a story told on such a plan as this rise much the same discussions as those which endlessly rise round Hamlet. Was the Prince of Denmark wholly mad? Was he partly mad, and partly feigning to be mad? Was he wholly sane? What a loss of interest would there have been had Shakspeare in his *dramatis personæ* entered Hamlet as a mad prince, or a sane prince, or a prince sometimes sane, sometimes mad, and sometimes feigning madness! Fielding, in his *Journey from this World to the Next*, pleasantly describes how he saw "Shakspeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines." In reciting "Put out the light and then put out the light," where was the emphasis to be laid? Being appealed to, Shakspeare said:—"Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning." In much the same way we could well believe that if Fielding, not in the next world, but in this, had been asked for his own judgment of Sophia's or Jones's character, and if he had given it, and then had been pressed with some apparent contradiction in some particular incident, he might have replied:—"Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote down the incident that you mention that I have forgotten it. When I did write it, it seemed to me no doubt what the lady or the gentleman would in the circumstances have done. But I leave every one free to form his own judgment. You have all the facts before you, and you are each of you quite as capable as I am of arriving at a just estimate of the characters of my hero and heroine." When we thus take the trouble to form our own judgment, we have moreover this further pleasure, that we are convinced that we are right, and that those who differ from us are wrong. Our self-esteem is pleasantly flattered. But what chance have we of being pleased with our own sagacity when nothing is left by the writer on which it can be exercised? In every work

of fancy and imagination a partnership must be established between the author and the reader. But if one does all and leaves nothing for the other to do, it will, we fear, too often prove on the reader's part a kind of sleeping partnership.

In works of a very different order from novels the reader of our time shows the same indolence. As regards these he is too restless to remain contentedly in entire ignorance, and too lazy to arrive at any real knowledge. Hence we have in shoals these handbooks of literature and abridgments of great authors. A man may pass very well through life and know nothing of Pepys, nothing of Boswell, nothing of Horace Walpole's Letters, and nothing of Madame D'Arbly's Diary. But if such works as these are to be known they must be read. They cannot be reduced to an essence. It may be an objection to whipped cream that it takes up so much space; but by any method of compression it would cease to be whipped cream. The common excuse is made that in so busy an age as this there is no time to read such long books. We do not know that this age is so much busier than those that have gone before it. The complaint is a very old one, and even in the present day a good deal of time seems to be rather killed than lived. Be that as it may, if there is not time to read big books, big books cannot be read. But then let us not be tricked into the belief that we can still either enjoy them or know them. A little knowledge, if not a dangerous thing, is in such cases a foolish thing. At all events it often leads its possessor into folly. It tempts him to make a display of knowledge of which he has not the reality. But if there is not time for original works that are big there is at least time for those that are small. If a man is frightened by the size of Boswell, there can be nothing to scare him in the Autobiography of Gibbon. If he dare not try the nine big volumes of Walpole's Letters, he may with good heart attempt the two small ones which contain Swift's Letters to Stella. If in *Tom Jones* and *Sir Charles Grandison* the beginning seems separated by too great a space from the end, a summer day or a winter's evening will be long enough for accompanying either Joseph Andrews or Evelina from their birth to their marriage.

Among all the evils that follow in the train of a regular system of examinations, we know of none greater than a certain habit of indolence which it forms in the mind. It encourages a student—nay, even, in the press of competition it almost forces him—to accept his judgments ready-made. He wants to know what others say of a writer, not what the writer himself says. He has no time to take a book home, as it were, and make it part of himself. He never "travels over the mind" of a great author till he becomes as familiar with its beauties and its nooks, its heights, its levels, and its depths as a Cumberland shepherd with the mountains and valleys round about his home. He never looks upon his books as his friends. It is to his head, and not to his heart, that he wishes to take them; and he only cares to keep them there till they have served their purpose at the next examination. How different was the way in which Macaulay and his sister read! "When they were discoursing together," says Mr. Trevelyan, "about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. Pepys, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Madame de Genlis, the Duc de St. Simon [Macaulay, by the way, would have written the Duke of St. Simon], and the several societies in which those worthies moved, excited in their minds precisely the same sort of concern, and gave matter for discussions of exactly the same type, as most people bestow upon the proceedings of their own contemporaries. The past was to them as the present and the fictitious as the actual." Now, though Macaulay's power is given to few indeed, yet many—perhaps most people—have quite enough understanding and imagination from nature to enable them to live from time to time moments, it may be brief moments, both in the past and in the world of fiction and of fancy. A child in his games, as he fills "his humorous stage" with the different persons, shows how natural this is. It is not so much the growth of years that kills in him the habit as education and the scorn of his elder playfellows. The loss is indeed a great one, and the massacre of these simple feelings is a second massacre of the innocents. There is but one way to retain them. We must choose our books wisely, and when we have chosen them we must make a wise use of them. We cannot hope to live in all the ages that are past. The most that any but the most favoured among us can attain is to have one century, or one half-century, in which he has, as it were, his second home, whither he can withdraw himself for a brief space from the troubles and cares of the days in which he lives. But a place of retreat like this is not raised by an idle wish. Effort must be made, and a prolonged effort too. Yet it is a labour that, even while it is being made, is fully repaid. When guides to literature and manuals are all thrown on one side, and we begin "a pleasant loitering journey" through some tract of literature, "thought following thought, and step by step led on," the sense of joyous freedom and of eager curiosity more than supports us. One book leads us to another, and the circle of our friends widens as widens the circle of our knowledge. Then, too, we have that pleasure of which Fielding wrote. Both in the world of men and in the world of fiction we form our own judgments. We almost feel as if we had some share—however small a one—with a favourite author in a favourite book. For, when we find in how different a light some character appears to other readers, we half suspect that he is partly of our own creation. If

the author's claim to the whole were put in, we might each be tempted to say, with a slight change in the poet's line:—"That but half of it was his, and one half of it was mine."

Happily, in such a course of reading as this, we need not be greatly deterred by the cost. Works of great excellence can often be picked up at the bookstalls for less money than is asked for some bosh of them that has been just served up. A shilling a volume goes a good way in stocking our shelves, if we think nothing of fashion or the run of modern thought, and only ask that in good type and a fair binding we shall have a work of sterling worth. The young reader is naturally dazzled by the brilliant prospect that rises before him as he surveys the various series of literature that are in course of publication. With great epochs and great minds he hopes to become acquainted at the cost for each of two shillings of his money and a few hours of his time. Let him remember that a few warm friends are better than a host of nodding acquaintances, and let him reflect that, whether among the living or the dead, among men or among books, a friend is only made at the cost of much trouble and of much time.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE association of pleasure with noise is doubtless common to all races in all times. That the ordinary Englishman should like his pleasure accompanied with as much noise as can be procured is, therefore, no matter for surprise. Perhaps, if he had more frequent opportunities for amusing himself, and if the Art of Recreation were intelligently studied and taught, he might "do" with less noise, and have that regulated and brought under some kind of discipline. If, for instance, he could sit in the open air of an evening and hear good music constantly, as may be done in softer climates, he might gradually learn to abhor bad and discordant music. If he heard good singing daily he might distinguish between bawling and singing. As it is, with only his Christmas and Easter weeks and his two days in the summer, he is at holiday-times like a sailor coming ashore after a long cruise, and whether he takes a day at Southend or at the "Robin Hood," or voyages to Margate by boat, he is not happy unless he can symbolize and make manifest his happiness by a great noise. He generally makes this, with his friends, for himself; and it has been generally supposed that his chief joy lies in the making of the noise. But this, we have quite recently discovered, is not the case. There is, though it has hitherto been unsuspected, a joy beyond that of opening the mouth and bawling; that, indeed, is only an instinctive effort to supply the chief ingredient in a day's pleasure when it is wanting. If, however, one pays a visit to the "World's Fair," now being celebrated at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, it will be presently discovered that to have a noise made for him is better, in the holiday-maker's sight, than to make one for himself. In the presence of a really thundering noise he is silent; he does not try to increase or add to it; he receives it in silence; he enjoys it; to sing or shout, or in any way to join in it, would spoil his gratification. To be sure, in order to produce the feeling of full and satisfying content, the noise must be of the very loudest; it must be a noise made up of the thumping of heavy hammers on anvils (this is done on pretence of trying the strength); the rolling of bowls and the falling of skittles on floors; the bawling of showmen; the roaring and bellowing of angry wild animals in cages; the blare of trumpets, horns, and brass bands playing all together, and each playing a different tune; the beating of drums, and the clashing of cymbals; the roll and thunder of organs; the firing of guns and the smashing of bottles; the whistle of steam-engines, and the clatter of miniature trains; and, over and above, the rolling echoes of all these component noises in a hollow and resounding roof. Such a noise as this becomes for the People as a soothing mixture which composes their spirits and tranquillizes their nerves. Their faces, as they wander about the broad hall and listen, are wreathed with smiles and smoothed out with contentment; there is no profane swearing heard, nor any quarrelling or disagreement, or exhibition of temper; all are happy alike. Under the benign influence of Noise, the husband treats his wife with a tender consideration, and carries in his own arms the year-old baby whose placid eyes and infantine smile show that he, too, feels how much more blessed a thing it is to hear a noise than to make one; the little London lover marches about with his little London lass, showing in the soft content visible in his eyes how beautifully a really good honest Row goes with love; in the more favoured parts of the Hall (which of course is the West End), where most of the brass bands are gathered, and the banging is loudest and the organs most hideous, the folk are found jammed together in crowds, which neither push, nor jostle, nor shout, but give themselves over to the enjoyment of the noise, and are carried away in rapture to an imaginary Paradise of Perpetual Row. A few years ago there was a certain preacher who had a church in the Strand; the din of the traffic and the clamour of the street continually disturbed and vexed him, so that he was fain to consider the subject in his sermon; and he was wont to illustrate the subject by reference to the famous crowd which went about crying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" "as if," he would add, "the louder they bawled the greater she would be." So with this English crowd; the louder the bawling, the greater is their joy.

The arrangements and general plan of the fair have an American air, as of a machine-made thing turned out to order, as, of course, the show really is. There is, to begin with, too much of it for a

real fair; and there are omissions which one acquainted with an English country fair of the genuine kind would be ashamed of making. For instance, there is not, so far as could be learned in a single visit, one gingerbread stall in the whole fair, nor is there a stall for toys, nor a bookstall, nor a glove and ribbon stall; in fact, there is no possibility of buying a fairing. Who, in the good old days, would care for a fair unless one could bring home a fairing? Would the memory of a thousand steam whistles satisfy the soul if there was no fairing? Next, there is a magnificent refreshment bar instead of a booth with wooden seats; and instead of a tent with rough boards for dancing, they have got a saloon. There are no targets to fire at for nuts, but bottles hung up in a row; and only barren honour rewards him who breaks a bottle with a lucky shot. There are none of the old-fashioned Aunt Sallies and "shies" with sticks at cocoa-nuts. On the other hand, there is every other possible kind of new-fangled "shy"—Salvation Army figures whose heads are to be knocked off, buckets into which you have to pitch the wooden ball, upright sticks on which you have to pitch a quoit. Then the humble old merry-go-round, with its single circle of horses, worked by hand, is supplanted by the great steam-worked machine, with its triple circle of horses, or, worse still, with the newly-invented circle of yachts, whose motion is artfully contrived to produce as much sea-sickness for twopence as one could get off Margate jetty on a breezy day for eighteenpence. And there are no gipsies, no telling of fortunes, no brown and tattered children running about among the tents, no pot hanging over a fire of sticks, supposed to contain a toothsome stew of stolen poultry, poached pheasant, wired hare, and hedgehog. Fancy a fair without its gipsies! There is, again, no "fun of the fair" in the shape of wooden rattles and penny dolls; but this we need not regret. On the other hand, the shows are overdone. There are not only too many of them, but they should be placed under some kind of management; the showmen should not be left entirely to themselves. Without stinting the visitors of their noise, it might be so arranged that when the performing monkeys are outside, their next-door neighbours, called Richardson's Show (but it is not the Richardson's Show of our childhood) might be performing within; and when the troupe of the Variety Show are dancing on their platform, the Circus people next to them might be performing their unrivalled feats behind their flaring pictures. One does not know who is responsible for the management, if anybody. Perhaps the performers pay for the right to their places; perhaps they get some of the entrance money; perhaps they are simply enjoined to make as much noise as they possibly can. Certainly, they are so energetic that they cannot be mere hirelings, but must have a direct interest in the success of their shows. Only there must be, one thinks, some general manager, who has allotted them their positions, and given them permission to perform; and really a great opportunity is lost, after all the materials for an admirable fair are got together, when they are tossed carelessly into the great hall, there to arrange themselves and do what is right in their own eyes. A fair must certainly have the outward appearance of bustle, life, and competition; there must not be too much stage management; but in an artificial fair there should be some.

The good old rule, found out years ago, and long successfully practised at Bartholomew Fair, that the best part of the performance must take place outside the tent, is, we are glad to say, thoroughly recognized at the Agricultural Hall. The most beautiful marionettes are those which pirouette on the platform beside the organ; the cleverest of the performing monkeys play and swing for everybody to see; Richardson's troupe, outside, appears to be a company numerous enough for Drury Lane; the people of the Variety Show might emulate a Gaiety chorus for numbers and display of legs; there could not be room in any ordinary circus for all the Tom Fools and Jack Puddings doing a clog dance on the platform. After the parade outside the performers vanish, bells ring, the most frantic invitations are made to the crowd to walk up and step within for threepence; but for a time there is no response, and one sadly feels that perhaps the performance may be held to empty benches. The proprietor, however, knows his people; he descends, grasps the nearest lady in the crowd, and shoves her, without asking her consent, up the steps; her friends follow; the populace, like the sheep of the *Sieur Dindenault*, go after; the circus or theatre becomes immediately full, and it is not till next day that one remembers how much better they acted outside, and asks why only half-a-dozen appeared in the arena or on the stage, and where were the remaining thirty? In fact, the remaining thirty are supers; no amount of admission threepences could maintain so enormous a troupe if they were all *sociétaires*; the Tom Fools and the ladies in gilt armour and tights are wanted for the outside only; they do not belong to the hereditary clan which, from generation to generation, keeps up the supply of acrobat, circus rider, clown, and buffoon. It is satisfactory to learn from the conductor of the circus that "biz" is very fair—"very fair, indeed." The house, at threepence a head, seems able to hold, when full, about six-and-thirty shillings, so that there must be a good many performances every day to satisfy even a modest estimate of fair business.

Besides the larger entertainments, with their bands and gaily-dressed companies, there are a great number of smaller shows, which perhaps offer "better value for money" than the theatre or the circus. For instance, there is a giant, and a very good giant, too. His birthplace was Dublin; like all giants, he is young—Charles

Dickens long ago found out what becomes of superannuated giants and dwarfs; like all giants, he breaks down in the knees; his head is not so big as it ought to be, considering his length; and if he showed in his expression some approach to interest in the proceedings, it would give a higher tone, so to speak, to the nature of the exhibition. However, he walks round, shakes hands with everybody and goes behind his curtain again. Next to him are the Performing Zulus. There are nine of them, and they have a platform quite as large as an ordinary dining-table for their evolutions. It may be remarked, as a general rule, that whenever there is an exhibition of Caffres, Hottentots, or niggers, every gentleman of African descent who happens to be in the neighbourhood always goes to see it. There was a delightfully black person, a shiny black person, with a skin like a mirror of polished ebony, watching these Zulus; and he bore an expression on his face of interest and wonder at the ways of coloured people, which was very pretty to witness. After the evolutions, the headman, a prince in his own country, went round with a tin box and made a collection and shook hands. In the gallery there was a Bearded Lady in a kind of wooden box, with whom you might shake hands for a penny; but there seemed little eagerness to enjoy that privilege; perhaps bearded ladies have had their day. There were, besides, pigs with two heads and eight legs, and an awful monster of the deep. There was the murder of Carey, and the hanging of O'Donnell. There was a swimming family. There were peepshows, and wax figures; and a wild-beast show, with the most superior and contemptuous Polar bear ever seen; and there was, finally, to take leave of the Fair, a wondrous Lady, in a short frock and bare arms, accompanied by her husband, a dwarf two feet six inches high, with a pale face and grisly beard, and one of her children, who carries the box for coppers. The lady is stout, and appears to be of an intrepid and resolute disposition. Her "claims" for exhibition, however, are based not upon her strength of mind or even on the fact that her husband is a dwarf; but on the wonderful circumstance that she, one out of a million, so to speak, has been privileged to give birth to triplets and has received the Queen's Bounty. She is proud, and with good reason, of this; it gives her a niche in the World's Fair; but she shakes hands with affability, and the child, accompanied by the dwarf, her father, goes round and collects the pence in her tin box. As one comes away from this entertainment, one might make many admirable reflections if it were not for the awful headache it has caused. It is a harmless place; the people are good-natured; they are not drunk. One misses the accompaniments of the old country fair—the grass beneath one's feet, the gipsies and tramps, the cool evening air, the row of booths, and the gaping rustics; and there is not enough management; but the thing is full of go and is cheerful, and might have been much worse. Those who remember Greenwich Fair will remember how very, very much worse it might have been.

PARISIAN CONDUCTORS.

THE interest taken in orchestral music in England has received so much impulse of late, owing to Herr Richter's visits to London, and attention has been so widely called to the conductor's well-nigh limitless powers for good or evil over the instrumentalists who work under him, that it has seemed to us that it might prove interesting to consider the relative qualities of some other famous conductors.

Herr Richter can need no praise of ours, neither need we dwell upon the great debt of gratitude which the English public owes him for the magnificent series of concerts given by him in St. James's Hall. It would be idle to call attention to his extraordinary qualities as a musician; and his rehearsals have been so largely attended that there is no need for us to attempt any explanation of the methods by which he attains to those results which have given him the great name he bears in all places where the love of music exists. We will therefore for the present pass over matters that are well known to the London musical public, and devote most of our attention to work of a similar nature which is being done in Paris. It is a far cry from Herr Richter to M. Pasdeloup, to whom we first turn in considering the Paris conductors, on account of the fact that the Paris of to-day stands largely indebted to him for its musical education. The formation of the popular concerts at the "Cirque d'Hiver" some twenty years ago was a daring experiment, and one which required no ordinary amount of courage and perseverance on the part of its originator. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven—although it must be added that the Beethoven symphonies were often presented to the audience in a terribly mutilated and distorted condition—were known to a certain extent to Parisian concert-goers, through the interpretation of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, before M. Pasdeloup began his series of "Concerts populaires." But the Conservatoire concerts necessarily appealed to a strictly limited public, and it remained for M. Pasdeloup to render great music truly popular in Paris. His indomitable pluck and perseverance were made manifest when he undertook to make Wagner known to the French public. As soon as he raised his stick a storm of hisses burst from the audience; catcalls were heard on every side; and carefully-studied imitations of the farmyard, with crowing cocks, pigs in their death agony, and oxen struggling through a narrow gate, were executed with inimitable verve; while the orchestra, un-

abashed, played steadily on to the end of the score before them. Gradually a change took place. The inability to hear a note played by the orchestra remained the same; but the cause of the pitiless din had altered. A camp of Wagnerites had been slowly formed, whose members did grim battle with all opponents; benches were torn up, hard knocks freely exchanged, and "petits banes," a missile we can heartily recommend to intending visitors to Paris in the case of disturbance in a theatre, hurtled through the air. At the present time Wagner's name on a programme is enough to ensure the presence of a thoughtful and attentive audience. Let it be remembered that this state of things is mainly owing to M. Pasdeloup's ceaseless patience and perseverance. Of his merits as a conductor we cannot honestly say very much; he invariably fails in the interpretation of Beethoven, and has of late developed a marked tendency towards putting insufficiently rehearsed work before the public. He has a distinctly unfortunate predilection for hurrying through the score before him, and music under his conductorship is often sadly wanting in sympathetic quality. M. Pasdeloup is perhaps most in his element in dealing with the scores of Haydn and of Mozart, and he has been highly successful in producing the works of Lully and Rameau, into which he instils more vigour and life than we usually find in his conducting. We must add that we have in former times heard some of Wagner's music satisfactorily interpreted at the Cirque d'Hiver; but this, owing to various causes which we cannot stop to consider, is no longer the case. M. Pasdeloup's most prominent faults as a conductor are heaviness and want of precision of attack; that these defects are in nowise chargeable to the executants under his command will be at once obvious to those who have seen the electric effect produced upon the orchestra of the "Concerts populaires" when Herr Rubinstein takes the bâton or when M. Heyman carries the musicians along with him, as on an irresistible stream, in Weber's "Concert-stück." M. Pasdeloup, far as he is from being a great conductor, has proved himself to be a great organizer of concerts, and he has spared no pains to introduce first-rate soloists to the public.

The Association Artistique, which gives its concerts at the Théâtre du Châtelet, under the leadership of M. Colonne, is of more recent formation, and has proved, as far as drawing a large public goes, a most successful venture. M. Colonne may be described as a conductor with a *spécialité*, which we need hardly add lies in the interpretation of Berlioz, to whom a certain class of British journalist delights to refer as "the eccentric but talented French composer." It may almost be said that those who have not heard *Roméo et Juliette* and *L'Enfance du Christ* under M. Colonne's direction have not heard them at all. It is hardly possible to account in any other way for the comparative failure of *L'Enfance du Christ* in London under Mr. Hallé's leadership. The lamentable fiasco of *Roméo et Juliette*, placed before the public by Mr. Cusins, has hardly any bearing on the case, as the result might easily have been predicted for very obvious reasons. In dealing with *Roméo et Juliette* M. Colonne shows that he is possessed of a delicate natural instinct for comprehending the intention of the master in this work, which is one of his highest achievements. It would take up more space than we can spare to dwell upon the beauties of the various numbers of this admirable work, and on the conductor's excellent interpretation of them; we must, however, pause to pay our tribute to his firm and delicate handling of the "scherzo de la reine Mab," one of the most exquisitely imagined triumphs of orchestration to be met with in the whole range of music, surpassing the famous "Ballet des sylphes" in its perfect delicacy of conception. In dealing with the tender and beautiful idyl, *L'Enfance du Christ*, M. Colonne proves himself to be the possessor of a poetic sentiment which is rarely to be met with, and which is absolutely necessary for the adequate interpretation of that beautiful poem in music. Of his interpretation of *La Damnation de Faust* it would be difficult to speak too highly. The prelude, with its infinite suggestions of the resurrection of Nature from the first timid, uncertain awakening to the grand burst of joy at the full possession of renewed strength and life, meets with consummate justice at the hands of M. Colonne. In the "Marche Hongroise" he fully realizes Berlioz's intention, of which the master has given us so vivid a description in his Memoirs. We wish that other conductors would exercise as much sobriety in dealing with the opening phrases. It cannot be too much insisted on that noisiness is the worst fault that can be shown in the interpretation of Berlioz. M. Colonne's skill is displayed to the highest advantage in the love passages of Faust and of Marguerite, which seem to us to have been somewhat tamely treated by Mr. Hallé. But, once away from Berlioz, M. Colonne is no longer the same man, and becomes apt to pander to the grossest errors of taste of the Parisian public. Some of the finest compositions of Wagner degenerate in his hands into mere noise; and, with Beethoven's Symphonies before him, he appears to think of nothing but his audience, and to remember only too well that that audience is a French one, delighting in *cliquant* and in being startled by unexpected effects.

The case is far different with M. Lamoureux, the founder of the "Société des Nouveaux Concerts," who is thoroughly incapable of committing any sin against art or of treating lightly the slightest production he may take in hand. Wherever M. Lamoureux's influence has been exerted a remarkable result has been obtained. We are, however, more immediately concerned with the consideration of what has been done by him in connexion with the series of concerts which he inaugurated in

1881 at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau. We need hardly speak of the difficulty of forming a new orchestra by the side of those which already existed in Paris, and we may add that the obstacles in the way of such an enterprise must have been harder to surmount than if the scene of M. Lamoureux's labours had been laid in London. The perfection of his orchestra at the present time in this, which is only his third season, shows the extent of the power he can bring to bear on the object before him. It would be difficult to single out any finer instrument for the interpretation of music than the noble orchestra which is now under M. Lamoureux's command, and it may not be amiss to call attention to the means by which this result has been brought about. M. Lamoureux possesses in common with Herr Richter the great advantage of being an accomplished instrumentalist, and like the great Viennese conductor he has a thorough contempt for fatigue, and is ready to go through any number of rehearsals that may be necessary for achieving faultless execution. Before proceeding to the actual study of a score, M. Lamoureux gives his executants a careful analysis of it, clearing up obscurities and fully explaining the composer's intention, and, as far as it is possible, taking into account the conditions under which the rehearsals take place, each group of instruments is exercised before an ensemble is attempted. But the secret of M. Lamoureux's great success as a *chef d'orchestre* lies in his power of communicating his own enthusiasm to those about him. To fully appreciate his commanding genius as a conductor he should be heard in the interpretation of Beethoven's Symphonies, in which, to our thinking, he attains to a more perfect realization of the intention of that great composer than any other musician we know of. Difficult as it is to choose any one performance for special comment where all is so excellent, we cannot help selecting the Ninth Symphony for particular consideration in this article. His treatment of the first movement is beyond all praise in its sobriety and poetical sympathy with the composer, and is to our thinking one of the greatest triumphs of orchestral interpretation. In the scherzo he has introduced a very slight, but, in our opinion, happy innovation, that of covering the sticks of the drums with flannel, on their first entrance. It may be remarked that neither M. Lamoureux nor Herr Richter follow the tempo indicated by Beethoven in the scherzo, M. Lamoureux taking it a little slower and Herr Richter decidedly faster. In executing such fragments of the works of Wagner as are capable of selection for concerts, M. Lamoureux, though perhaps he is occasionally wanting in the fiery dash which distinguishes Herr Richter, is very admirable, and we doubt if anything could surpass his beautiful rendering of the prelude to *Parsifal*. One of the most interesting events in connexion with the history of the "Nouveaux Concerts" has been the production of a very little known work of John Sebastian Bach's on the 2nd of this month. Before passing to any comment on the manner of its execution it may not be amiss to devote a brief space to the history of the work itself. *Der Streit zwischen Phœbus und Pan; drama per musica*, of which Picander wrote the libretto, was composed and executed in 1731, and has hardly ever been given since. It is said that Bach's chief intention in this composition was to satirize one Scheibe, who had written some hostile articles on his music, and on whom he took vengeance by representing him in the character of Midas. The sprightly satire of the music, wholly different from Bach's usual style, is exquisitely enjoyable, and we know of nothing more heartily jovial than the chorus with which the work opens. There is a wonderfully effective contrast between the jolly, sensually-happy song of Pan and the noble melody of Phœbus, and much beautiful and lightly-conceived scoring in the part of Momus. Of the grandeur and large writing of the choruses we cannot say too much. Of the execution, with the exception of the singers, we can only say that it was faultless and thoroughly appreciative on the part of the conductor and of the orchestra. In conclusion, we can only hope that M. Lamoureux's intention of revisiting London to conduct a series of classical concerts may be carried out before another year passes.

MORE GHOSTS.

GHOSTS are livelier than ever. In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Herbert Spencer once more declares that ghosts are the origin of religion. It must not, however, be hastily assumed that Mr. Spencer is a believer in ghosts. In the *Contemporary Review* the Bishop of Carlisle "does something for" apparitions. Lastly, Mr. Arthur James Melhuish, F.R.A.S. and F.R.M.S., has published what he calls the "Truth About Ghosts," and probably thinks that he has settled the question of the existence of a bogie. "At Christmas-time," says Mr. Melhuish (whose style is rather American), "one always feels to want something uncanny." The demand for "something uncanny" is supplied by a collection of letters from the canny columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. Last autumn the *Daily Telegraph*, like other papers, was in want of a good stock topic for the silly season. The *Parcels Post* was, perhaps, exhausted. "Horrible London" had not come up. People were tired of servants and masters, clerks and early marriage, and it had not occurred to any one that O'Donnell was rather a meritorious person, who ought on no account to be hanged. Therefore, in the absence of anything better, a leading article on the "mysterious warning" supposed to be hereditary in the bonny house of Airlie was published in the

Daily Telegraph. Then appeared a long letter on occult matters in general, by a "Master of Arts," who knew all about Buddhism, and the "Akash," and who may plausibly be conjectured to have an acquaintance with Pashto, "an excellent language to make a man friendly and independent." This learned correspondent cast all the light of Asia that he could on the Hindoo "occultists" and kindred topics. The ball was now kicked off, if we may borrow an expression from football, and there followed a regular "scrimmage" of sceptics and believers. The believers were more numerous than the sceptics, and perhaps may claim a goal. This, at least, seems to be the opinion of Mr. Melhuish. He says the sceptics are dogmatic (a highly improper thing in a sceptic), and not very weighty in argument, while he regards the letters of the believers as "an unequalled body of evidence." If the *Telegraph's* evidence is "unequalled," then the extant testimony for the existence of bogies would scarcely satisfy a jury. We have a lot of well-known tales, sometimes names are given, sometimes they are not. But a name alone does not carry weight, and when we track the suggestion to its inmost cell, we generally find that there is no producible witness at all. Seldom, indeed, will the ghost come into court, like the famous Irish spectre. "Suddenly," says the Hibernian tale, "a dreadful rumbling sound was heard, 'Here am I that was foully murdered.' After that there was no more to be said, and the judge put on the black cap," and condemned the accused on the testimony of the "dreadful rumbling sound."

Mr. Melhuish furnishes the unequalled body of evidence with a preface in which he disputes the ordinary sceptical arguments, with the ordinary replies. "That all apparitions are hallucinations is an axiom of science," says a modern sage, and certainly the hallucination theory has not always been quite fairly pressed. We blame believers for the staleness and paucity of their narratives. If we do that, it is scarcely fair to be always trotting out Sir David Brewster's "Mrs. A.," and the Berlin bookseller Nicolai. In the first place, who was Mrs. A.? We don't like Mrs. A.'s security. Mrs. A. certainly would not be accepted as evidence for a ghost. Why should Mrs. A. be accepted as evidence for a hallucination? Again, even if Mrs. A. and Nicolai were real trustworthy people, we get no forwarder. "Here we are," say these authorities; "we were always seeing hallucinations, and we never saw a ghost." But how does that affect our position? the seers reply. "We are not in the habit of being hallucinated; we have only seen one ghost apiece. It is not a practice with us, as having hallucinations is with you. And our vision of the ghost coincided with the death of the person whose apparition we beheld, while your visions coincided with nothing." Let us be fair, and admit that Mrs. A. and her backers have not the better of this controversy. We may deny that the seers ever saw anything abnormal. But if they did see things, then their position is not on a footing with that of Mrs. A., about whose credibility, or even existence, we have no precise information. Perhaps her name was 'Arris. Or, finally (and this is a favourite Spiritualist argument), it may as fairly be alleged that Mrs. A. and Nicolai saw ghosts, and thought them illusions, as that the true seers beheld illusions and took them for ghosts.

This reasoning, after all, is like the performances of the Rabelaisian *Chimera Bombinans in vacuo*. We have not attempted to ascertain the credibility of the witnesses either of spectral illusions or real spectres. That hallucinations may and do occur is certain. Scott mentions a famous example. He beheld Lord Byron suddenly in the hall of his house, we forget whether it was at Ashiesteel or Abbotsford. Had Lord Byron chanced to die on the day when Scott saw him, here would have been a splendid coincidence and an excellent ghost. The believers argue that the "coincidences" between apparition and event are too numerous to be explained as chance coincidences. Here, again, if proved true, their argument is not without weight. If men only see apparitions of the living just before the death of the persons seen, then the coincidence of the death completes the marvel. *C'est là le miracle*. But, unluckily, as some of these very letters from the *Telegraph* testify, and as we know to be true, apparitions of the living are beheld when nobody dies and nothing in particular happens at all. Just as those dreams only are remembered and recorded which are fulfilled, so people rarely speak of apparitions with which there is no coincident death. Thus the coincidence is made to seem a far more frequent feature of visionary illusions or appearances than it is in reality. But to return to Scott. Lord Byron did not die when Scott beheld his wraith, and, what is more, the wraith turned out, on inspection, to be a mere arrangement of hats and cloaks in the hall. Such illusions, caused by conditions of light and sight, are common enough. The writer has met on the road what he took to be three or four children leading a white horse. On a nearer approach this phenomenon resolved itself into two men carrying three or four beehives on a long pole. Illusions which have a basis in objective phenomena may even affect several persons at the same moment. There is a perfectly authentic case in which two persons, sitting in the opposite corners of a box at the theatre, saw in the stalls a lady with a severed head in her lap. Again, five or six people walking together saw the figure of a Cavalier of Charles I.'s time stopping the way. This warrior proved to be nothing more martial than a milkmaid. Yet the wrong impression was impressed on five different sets of eyes and brains. Thus hallucinations with an objective basis may be collective. It does not suit with the ideas of psychical researchers (who believe in the extraordinary influence of mind on mind) to deny that hallucinations with no objective basis may be collective

too. Yet they do attempt to deny this, and trust that the appearance of a ghost may be established from the mouths of two or three witnesses. Now, suppose that some one had been with Scott when he saw the false spectre of Byron. Suppose that Scott's companion, like the people in the box at the theatre, had shared a common illusion. In such a case, many persons, instead of saying that Byron turned out to be an arrangement of great-coats, would have averred that Byron "disappeared." Here would have been collective testimony to Byron's wraith, and, if he had died within the year, here would have been collective testimony to a "coincidence."

People are not very particular about dates in those matters. The victim generally dies "the very hour" that his double is seen. But it is hard, if not impossible, to get evidence for this. One of the *Telegraph's* correspondents has a story of an officer who was killed in India, and appeared, at the same time, in three places in England. On the evidence of these apparitions, it is alleged, an error in Lord Clyde's despatch announcing the death was corrected by the Horse Guards! But who is the authority for all this? Only the signature "M.A. of Cambridge," which does not bear very much weight in evidence about matters spiritual. The case of the "Airlie Warning," which started all this flood of anecdote and argument, shows how lax people's ideas of evidence and of what makes coincidence really are. The usual tradition is that a spectral drummer beats a spectral drum, just before the death of members of the house of Airlie. The same legend runs, we believe, in an Irish family. The examples of the phenomena given in "The Truth about Ghosts" are curious. First an English gentleman, on his way to the Tulchan, on August 19, 1849, heard a brass band playing on the ridge of ground in front of him. Lord Airlie died next day. A brass band is not a drummer. If we are to be seriously asked to believe these things, we need an historical investigation. How old is the tradition of the brass band? Is it older than the introduction of brass bands beyond the Highland line? How old is the story of the drummer? Did the drummer resign in favour of the more modern and complicated entertainment? Now turn to the communication of F. H. Grove (p. 9), in which the "Story of the Drummer-boy" is confirmed on the evidence of "a lady," unnamed. Early in the spring of 1845 this lady visited Lord Airlie. On the night of her arrival she heard "a band of music at a distance." Some one told her "It was the drummer-boy you heard." How could a drummer-boy produce the same harmonious effect as "a band of music at a distance"? The boy or the band must be given up, unless we are to understand that the boy took to him seven other boys, worse than himself, and armed with trombones, trumpets, and other noisy instruments of brass. Of course this may have occurred; but how flimsy does the historical student find those narratives! As to the "coincidence," a lady belonging to the family died several months afterwards. The sceptic will ask why one family should be given such a "straight tip" as to when they should insure their lives, while other families are neglected; but this is hardly argument. Oddly enough, the maid of the lady who heard the distant band of music writes to say that she was more favoured, and was "startled by the beating of a drum." She also observes that, on hearing a fife, she expected to see a piper; and perhaps a piper may perform on a fife, when a boy with a drum can produce the effect of a brass band. To complicate matters, it seems that the lady congratulated her host on the possession of "an excellent piper." She seems to have held that a piper caused the sound of a band of music in the distance. In other details the lady's account and the lady's maid's account contradict each other, and a jury would probably be directed to dismiss the evidence of both witnesses from their minds. It does not stand cross-examination for a moment, and this is almost always the case. First people have, or fancy they have, some experience of an abnormal kind. Then they half unconsciously embroider it, and supply it with "coincidences." Lastly, they publish it, many years after, to please some ghost society, and by that time the evidence is worth as much as that of an Irish witness to an Irish murderer's *alibi*. That is "the truth about ghosts."

AN APOLOGY FOR MORMONISM.

THIS is an age of apologies and rehabilitations. The blackest characters of history have been sedulously whitewashed—which however generally involves the blackwashing of others hitherto deemed respectable, if not immaculate—and we have been called upon to recognize Nero as a model of domestic affection and Henry VIII. as a singular example of conjugal fidelity. Societies, like individuals, have undergone a similar process of tidying up, to use a homely phrase. Their real or supposed incrustations of dirt have been "mopped with a mop and brushed with a broom," in the forcible language of the *Baby's Début*, till the reputed blackamoor becomes white as driven snow. That there are cases in which a revision, if not a reversal, of popular verdicts was demanded by a fuller and more impartial investigation of facts previously misunderstood or ignored we are far from denying. The Jesuits, for instance, whatever faults are fairly chargeable on them, are not quite the unredeemed villains Protestant imagination had painted them, nor can the Reformers *en masse*—especially the English ones—establish their claim to a place in the hagiology. But still there must be some limits to this crusade against all received opinions. Historical beliefs are not always

based on illusion, and a passion for paradox may be as strong and as uncritical as the force of ingrained prejudice. There is less room however for the growth of legendary error as regards events of recent occurrence than in our estimate of those which happened centuries ago, and the Church of Latter Day Saints was founded in 1830. There is room for difference of opinion within certain limits as to the character of Mahomet and of the religion he founded; we should hardly have supposed there was much room for reasonable difference as to the character of Joe Smith. An apologist however has just come forward in the *Nineteenth Century*, in the person of Mr. Barclay, M.P., who intimates that he went to Utah prepared, like his fellows, to curse the Mormons, but who has come away blessing them altogether. His method of arriving at this conclusion is a very simple one. To be sure there are occasional admissions in what he does tell us which would go far, if analysed, to destroy the force of his argument, but it is based on a skilful presentation of one side of the evidence only, as presented to him by friendly witnesses at Utah, and an all but entire omission of the evidence on the other side, which is referred to, if at all, as untrustworthy, or at best "not fully authenticated." He is not of course an advocate for the Mormonite creed, as such, or he would be himself a Mormonite, but he fails apparently to perceive that, if not based on revelation, it is based on vulgar imposture—the history of its origin leaves little room for the charitable hypothesis of sincere enthusiasm—though he does incidentally suggest some of the purely mundane agencies which contributed to its certainly remarkable success. He tells us *e.g.* how "missionaries are despatched to all quarters of the globe," who manage to convey from 2,000 to 3,000 neophytes a year to Utah. We may illustrate their method of procedure from the history of the Swedish contingent of the Salt Lake Church. As a rule the Scandinavian descendants of the wandering Goths, Jutes, and Norsemen are among the most pacific and sedentary of modern nations, although both in Denmark and Sweden there is perfect freedom of emigration. But of the small numbers who leave these northern parts the larger portion has been drawn to the Mormonite settlement. The Apostles of Utah fixed early on Copenhagen as a promising field of operations, and about 1850 established there both a regular Mormonite hierarchy and a well-managed journal. The Swedish law against abandoning the established Lutheranism rather helped than hindered a propaganda whose first doctrine was expatriation, and for many years there was a large annual influx of Swedish recruits to Utah. In Norway the extent and sterility of the highlands gave point to the promises of the Evangelists of a Western paradise, and from 1846 to 1855 about 3,000 Norwegian emigrants passed annually to the United States. M. Duval gives their own explanation of this fact in words significant of the not purely supernatural attractions of the Mormon Gospel:—"Il est si difficile d'arracher quelque chose aux sables de nos montagnes." It is clear that here the disciples, if not their teachers, had, like the founder of Mormonism, shrewdly calculated that "godliness is gain." The "promised land" of the Saints is thus described:—

The valley of Salt Lake is 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea-level, about 200 miles long north and south, and of irregular width, varying from 20 to 50 miles. On the east side the Wasatch range and on the west the Oquirrh Mountains rise abruptly, bare, rugged, and precipitous. To the north the valley is closed in by the mountain ranges, and southwards it rises up to the tableland of Arizona.

Twenty miles south of Salt Lake City is Lake Utah, a beautiful sheet of pure water, and from it northwards through the valley flows a considerable stream, called the Jordan, to the Great Salt Lake, which without any outlet fills the bottom of the basin.

The water of the Salt Lake contains about seventeen per cent. of solid matter, chiefly common salt, and is extremely bitter. Its height has varied as much in the last thirty years as nine feet, rising and falling irregularly. At one time the whole valley had been an inland sea, and the old margins are visible along the mountain-sides. One level at which the lake had stood for a long period is 800 feet above the present lake, but as the same margin varies 200 to 300 feet in height, changes have taken place in the level of the land as well as of the water. The lake lies nearly 20 miles north-west of Salt Lake City, and is much frequented in summer by bathers, for whose accommodation the Mormons have built a railway.

Salt Lake City is the finest town of its size in the Western States. Instead of the bare, comfortless appearance of many new American towns, a large part of Salt Lake City is embowered in gardens and orchards. Rows of trees both shade and beautify the streets, and the houses have an air of comfort and look of home too frequently wanting in new settlements. Looking southwards from the higher grounds of the city, a chain of villages and hamlets extends along the base of the Wasatch range. At the mouth of every gorge, where a mountain stream struggles out on the plain, the church and schoolhouse of a village peep through the green foliage of the surrounding trees and orchards. Farther out on the plain each homestead is surrounded by its grove of trees, an acceptable patch of green in the brown and arid landscape.

It is clear enough then that "Mormonism interests itself as much in the temporal as in the spiritual concerns of its members." To speak more plainly, of "spiritual concerns" it takes no heed at all.

We have said already that Mr. Barclay's line throughout is to state one side of the case, as if it were the whole. Thus he passes rapidly over the early history of Mormonism, giving us the authorized version of Joe Smith's divine commission and subsequent martyrdom, but saying not a word of the odious criminality and violence by which he drew the rough and irregular justice of lynch law on his own head. We are told, again, much of Brigham Young's indisputable capacities and force of character, but not a word of his murders and other crimes. That he was "endowed with extraordinary sagacity and organizing faculty" nobody ever dreamt of disputing. Mormonism, Mr. Barclay assures us, does

not differ at all in its tenets from Christianity, except—it is a pretty considerable exception—"as regards polygamy." It accepts both the Old and New Testament; "its doctrines do not differ essentially from those of other (?) Christians, and with the exception of polygamy its morality is that of the New Testament." He seems to forget that it accepts the Book of Mormon also, which practically supersedes both Testaments. He forgets also that, if in the abstract Mormonites, or some of them, profess to accept the New Testament, there are many different ways of interpreting it. Brigham Young is reported to have been asked by a Christian visitor, to whom he made a similar profession, but who knew something of his character and habits, whether he fulfilled the Scriptural precept of praying for his enemies? "Certainly," was the prompt reply, "I pray for them daily, that they may all be damned." With this latitude of interpretation the acceptance of the New Testament may be compatible with all their worst enemies have charged upon the Mormonites. Mr. Barclay expresses a very proper disapproval of "the peculiar institution" of polygamy, but appears to consider it a minor matter, which may be left to adjust itself, and anticipates that in the future it will be quietly dropped.

Mormonism, apart from polygamy, which seems to me a temporary excrescence, will in my opinion grow, and probably be the religion of the settlers or farming classes in the mountainous country between the great plains east of the Rocky Mountains and California on the west. In those districts irrigation is almost everywhere necessary for cultivation, and, with the scarcity of capital, irrigation works must be executed by co-operation among the settlers. The experience of the Mormons in irrigation and co-operation, coupled with their self-reliant and frugal habits, enables them to surmount difficulties from which outsiders shrink, and their sober and temperate habits specially qualify them for pastoral pursuits, either on their own account or as tenders of the herds and flocks on large ranches, for which only a very large portion of the country is suitable.

Meanwhile, he insists on the superior morality of the Mormonite to the non-Mormonite inhabitants of the Salt Lake City. It is obvious to reply to the latter point that a plurality of wives necessarily acts as a cure, or rather as a substitute, for certain kinds of vice. As to its being quietly dropped hereafter, he must surely have forgotten his own assertion that it is the sole distinctive tenet of Mormonism, which would otherwise differ in no respect from the ordinary forms of Christianity. We have too much respect ourselves for Christianity to agree with that view; but we most entirely believe that polygamy is at once one of the most characteristic institutions and, to many male proselytes, one of the chief attractions of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. That "the celestial law of marriage," first promulgated by Young in 1852, is sanctioned, without being specially dwelt upon, in the Mormon Bible may be true, but in most sects tradition and the personal influence of the founder counts for more than the written standards. Wesleyanism would be very different from what it is if it conformed to its teaching and practice exclusively to the four volumes of Wesley's printed Sermons. The Mormonites at all events have announced their resolve to resist to the death all attempts to put down polygamy. As to their theology, the Mormonite Deity is a materialistic parody of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. The distinction of marriage "for time" and "for eternity," to which Mr. Barclay refers vaguely, but of which he appears to be most imperfectly informed, is no doubt remarkable, and, if it be examined, equally repulsive, but into that we need not enter here. Of the despotic power of the hierarchy he has evidently no idea, though he quotes, without seeming at all to appreciate its force, the statements of Governor Murray, Chief Magistrate of Utah, who apprehends serious political difficulty from this cause. "The people," so runs an official document, "will be as much condemned if they do not obey Brother Brigham as they would be if they disobeyed the Lord God were He here in person. When the Lord comes He will take vengeance on those who do not obey the priesthood. The word of Brother Brigham is the word of the Lord." Both the doctrine of polygamy and the claims of the priesthood have led to schisms, and there are already two secessions from Mormonism, which is barely fifty years old. That they will have sooner or later to choose between abandoning polygamy and abandoning Utah seems pretty clear, and in the former case their very *raison d'être* would be at an end. On what grounds Mr. Barclay argues a great future for them is far from obvious. That he has lent a credulous ear to interested and artful advocates at Utah is sufficiently manifest. That he will induce any well-informed reader to reverse his previous judgment on one of the most baseless and most revolting of modern religious impostures is supremely improbable.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

IN order to visit this Exhibition aright, one should go armed with a good edition of Boswell's *Johnson*. In these days of so-called *éditions de luxe* some enterprising publisher might do worse than bring out the immortal work with prints or photographs of a selection of the pictures now in the Grosvenor Gallery. Besides Johnson himself, with his unwieldy body, his great unhealthy-looking face, and his purblind eyes (97), we see Barette, who was almost as blind, holding a book close to his nose (73); Burke (65), and Burke's conceited son (93); the Beckfords, father and son (179, 186); David Garrick (143), Warren Hastings (102), Miss Angelica Kaufmann (180), Edward Malone (108), Johnson's

negro friend and servant, Francis Barber (42), and Reynolds's negro (15); Charles Rollin, the historian (122); Sheridan, a brilliant picture, well known (30); Lady Thomond (177), Mrs. Gwatkin (84), the nieces of Reynolds; Mrs. Thrale, of course, with her child (127); to say nothing of Reynolds himself, in no fewer than nine portraits, all by his own hand, and a case of relics lent by the descendants of his sister. Besides these objects and pictures, there are portraits of nearly every distinguished person and personage of the "Johnsonian period," from the unpopular Cumberland and Bute down to the too-popular Kitties and Nellies and Perditas who play so large a part in the action of Boswell's drama. Brave warriors and noble ladies, "old men and babes," youths and maidens, all living a hundred years ago, appear alive again now. In the dimness of the winter afternoon they look the less unreal. If it had not been for the Catalogue, with its annotations, a visitor to the slightest tinge of that form of historical sentimentalism which may be called association could not fail to be powerfully affected by the finest show of Sir Joshua's ever gathered into one place. But for the Catalogue—a few minutes' study is enough to dispel any illusions. Those gorgeous nobles, those lovely maidens, those dignified soldiers, those stately dames, were one and all no better than they ought to have been—no better than we are ourselves, at any rate. It comes upon us suddenly, like the close of that celebrated chapter in *Gulliver's Travels*, where the King of Brobdingnag pronounces as his opinion that it doth not appear "that men were ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests were advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for their love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom." This girl with the sweet sad face was so wicked that one of her lovers had her painted as Circe. The fine old gentleman with a view of St. Paul's behind him had thirty children, of whom only one was born in wedlock. This splendid earl with his little son, and various sporting properties around them, was a vicious profligate, and deserted the gentle and beautiful countess whose portrait hangs next in order. It is distressing to read page after page of this kind of gossip. Fortunately there is abundant information of a much more valuable kind. We have the prices paid for many of the portraits. We are told how long the artist was employed on some of them. Anonymous heads are identified and erroneous descriptions corrected. But, besides all this, the annotator, a well-known critic, has gone to the trouble of raking up half-forgotten sins and scandals, and has gone rather to the pages of Walpole and Selwyn for his information than to those of Boswell and his *Johnson*. Before we leave this subject of the Catalogue something should also be said as to the style in which much of it is written. Let us try, for example, to make sense of such a passage as this; it relates to Mrs. Abington:—"Boswell tells us how Johnson boasted of her having 'insisted so much on my coming' when she played *Charlotte* for her benefit in April 1755, and how the doctor went to Drury Lane, with Reynolds and others, 'having secured forty places in the front boxes' and given to Boswell 'the honour to put me in the group.'" No one could possibly gather from this that the affair took place, not in April 1755, but on the 27th March, 1775, and that it was neither Dr. Johnson nor Mrs. Abington who took the forty places, but Sir Joshua Reynolds—in fact it would be almost impossible even to parse the sentence. It is perhaps as well, after this example, that Boswell is not more used in the Catalogue. We may take one more specimen, as it is amusing. Of Mrs. Nesbitt we are given some sadly scandalous particulars, though it is not quite clear whether some of them relate to her or to the Duchess of Kingston or to Lord Bristol. Then the annotator goes on:—"Dying in December 1779 Walpole wrote of him to Lady Upper Ossory, the mother of 'Collina' and 'Sylvia,' Dec. 23, 1779, Lord Coventry (husband of the beautiful 'Gunning girl,' see 'Miss Elizabeth Gunning'), as follows:—'Lord Coventry and Colonel Hervey are Lord Bristol's executors.'" We know that Walpole did not die in 1779, nor were Collina and Sylvia born to Lady Upper Ossory in that year, nor was Lord Coventry ever born to her. In short, nothing but the combination of happy guessing and experience which makes a Shakspearian commentator could unravel some of these extraordinary valuable notes. We observe, however, that Mr. Stephens marks his "Historical Notes" as being "in progress," which we must hope means subject to revision.

Perhaps the first thing which will strike the unprejudiced visitor is the extraordinary variety displayed in the pictures. We dread the sameness which characterizes too often the exhibition of one artist's work. It was painfully oppressive at the Rossetti exhibitions of last year. There is nothing of it here. It would be hard to class more than two, or at most three, pictures together as being in one manner or another. So, too, it may be observed that Reynolds did not go through "periods" like most other great artists. True there was an early, incomplete "Hudson period"; but, once emancipated from its influence, his genius expanded itself in all directions—trying, learning to the last, now bursting into a wholly new style, then reverting to some old method, and bringing it to greater perfection. Reynolds was essentially a learned artist. Even his experiments were conducted on well-founded theories. He had not, it is true, our modern love for the early Italian painters, and possibly knew little of Dürer and his pupils; but he was thoroughly conversant with the works and the styles of Rembrandt, Correggio, Murillo, Rubens, and all the great artists of the post-Raffaellite schools. He avowedly

imitated Vandyke on occasions, and if he did not equal him, came very near it, as in "The First Marquis of Hertford" (37), and in the beautiful portrait of the Duke of Gloucester (53). His grand landscape, the "View from Richmond Hill" (165), must remind every one of Rubens. His nymphs, in gorgeous sunset tints, are nearer to Titian or Giorgione than to the great Flemish artist. But though many of his pictures will remind us of this painter or that, there are quite as many works which are wholly original—works the like of which had never been produced before, and which have been but feebly imitated since. As about nine-tenths of the pictures now exhibited are portraits, we can hardly tell what Reynolds might have attained to as a composer or historical painter. But there are enough of subject pictures here to show that we must not judge him by such comparatively feeble examples as the "Holy Family" in the National Gallery. Of these, incomparably the finest is the "Tragic Muse" (55), lent by the Duke of Westminster, a repetition of the famous picture at Dulwich, and allowed to be in better condition, if not originally a better work. "Master Wynn as the Infant St. John the Baptist" (18) is so completely cleaned away that we can only judge of the composition, which is not very interesting; nor is "Muscipula" (29), in which all Sir Joshua's mannerisms are exaggerated. The child's mouth is quite deformed. The same defect appears, but not to so great a degree, in "Guardian Angels" (36), which is little more than a sketch, and in "Robinetta" (34). The "Nymph" (39), notwithstanding the peculiar mouth, is a lovely picture. She seems to be chiding Cupid, who peers at her from behind a glowing curtain. The splendour of the colour has seldom been excelled by any painter, certainly by none born in this cold climate. With the "Nymph," which Lord Upper Ossory received as a bequest from Reynolds, we should compare "Cymon and Iphigenia" (160), which can be done by standing in the doorway between the two great rooms. There is the same glow, but in a less degree, and the figure is apparently from the same model. Close to it hangs "Moses in the Bulrushes" (155), in which a totally different scale of colour is presented. The child is pale, and lies on a white drapery. Only skill equal to that of Rubens could have successfully surmounted such a difficulty. Above the "Moses" is one of the designs for stained glass of which such magnificent examples appeared in the Royal Academy last year—magnificent, that is, as pictures, but miserable when regarded from the glass-painter's point of view. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (156) is in a window of New College, Oxford, and shows the curious taste which would have abolished colour in glass in favour of monochromatic chiaroscuro. The portraits of Reynolds himself and of the mistaken glass-painter give the picture an element of interest it would otherwise sadly want. Comparable only with the "Nymph" and with "Cymon and Iphigenia" is a lovely little picture, "Mrs. Hartley and her Child." It is, of course, really a portrait; but the treatment is so unconventional that it needs a glance at the Catalogue to show that it is not a subject-picture like the "Nymph." The lady holds the child as if he had flown to her, and was whispering a love secret in her ear. The landscape is as pleasing as the figures. Another pair of portraits are treated in a wholly different manner. "The Duchess of Devonshire and her Child" (81) is a scene from real life. It is too familiar from engravings to need description here; but never was maternal pride, never were infant spirits, so represented. Reynolds delighted in trying various methods of attaining the unattainable power of depicting maternity. He approached Raffaele, perhaps, in the "Mother and Child," which belongs to Sir Richard Wallace, and which, unfortunately, is not in this exhibition. In the Devonshire picture he is himself, and nothing else. In "Mrs. Hartley" there is more than a reminiscence of Correggio. Very quiet but very original is another group of the kind, a group which to most visitors will seem almost as charming as the "Duchess." It is probably, like the others we have noticed, a portrait, but is described in the Catalogue only as a "Mother and Child" (48). The mother clasps her child with both arms, he leans towards her and holds a plait of her hair. The movement of the startled infant and the naturalness of the pose are wonderfully true to nature; so true, so unexpected, and so pleasing, as to amount to something very like poetry. The "Infant Academy" (62) was also a bequest, and has been long at Broadlands. As Mr. Stephens well says, "it comprises one of the most poetic landscape backgrounds Reynolds painted." The children form a charming group, and the colour is most harmonious; but the picture has either been over-cleaned, or should be varnished by some careful hand. On the whole it is slightly disappointing. We must defer a notice of the more ordinary portraits.

PANTOMIME AND PANTOMIMES.

PANTOMIME (so-called) is a national institution. Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings a thousand (so-called) pantomimes. Harlequins and clowns, viewless all the year beside—disguised as chimney-sweeps, it may be, or publicans—shoot out into publicity like reappearing stars; from unknown regions in mid-air a cloud of columbines descends; creation suddenly grows conscious of the presence of a battalion of pantaloons—mysteriously evolved, appearing from No-Whence and resolving into No-Whither. Out of the ground start legions of imps, crowds

of fairies, armies of ballet-girls, myriads of masks. For some ten weeks the British theatre is a place of (so-called) pantomimes—a pandemonium of rallies and processions, of topical songs and mangled policemen and murderous butter-slides. And the odd thing is that pantomime (so-called) is scarcely pantomime at all. Between the two there are abysses of time and circumstance vast as night and deep as Tophet.

Pure pantomime is like poetry in Mr. Arnold's definition, in that it is a criticism of life; it is also like poetry, as outside Mr. Arnold's definition it really is, in that it is an expression of life as well—of life as it ought to be always, and as it sometimes (but too rarely and briefly) is. The scene is the Arcady of fairy; but that is a mere detail. The essential is that here, on the one hand, are Youth and Beauty and Love; and that there, on the other, are Age and Ugliness and Greed, the eternal adversaries. All the rest is a parable of life's progress. There is strife; for existence without battle were a mockery. There is sorrow and trial; for without these pleasure were impossible, and repose no luxury, but an infliction. Of course, too, the more gracious influences have long the worst of things; for Ugliness is desperate and strong, and Age is cunning and relentless, and between them Youth and Beauty are thrust to the wall. But the trial is only for a time. There are Higher Powers—conscious, interested, gifted—to interfere. To these the final victory of Age and Ugliness is a practical immorality too hideous to contemplate; and, at the very nick of time, when the game is up, and the defeat of Beauty and Youth, beloved of the gods, seems inevitable, they step in to the rescue. They may not alter time, nor obliterate what is already written in the roll of Fate; but they can modify circumstance and change the field of action, and they do. A touch of the Good Fairy's wand ("Good Fairy" is an Arcadian translation of "Higher Power"), and Amandus (otherwise Youth) becomes Harlequin, a creature of generous magic, invisible by his mask, irresistible in his bat, gifted with strange and brilliant capacities, a paladin of virtue and right; another, and Amanda (otherwise Beauty) trips forth an Appearance of love and delight, an Aspiration in short petticoats, a visible Ideal—enchanting, elusive, unapproachable save of him she has chosen for her own. As for the Ugly Sutor and the Greedy Sire, they are not transformed, they are only revealed. Their worldly disguise falls from them, and they appear in their quiddity; the one as Clown—bold, impudent, flagrant, a bundle of immoral qualities; the other as Pantaloon—a type of wicked and dishonourable old. And so, under changed conditions, and through fresh woods and pastures new, the old eternal contest is resumed and continued. The victory is Harlequin's, or where would be the moral? But it is only his while he proves himself worthy of his novel attributions. So long as he is himself, he and Columbine are happy as butterflies; they dance, they sport, they embrace, they make light of all the devices of wickedness. When he loses his bat, or puts his mask to improper uses, the Higher Powers grow angry, and he falls into the clutches of his ancient enemies, who fire him from cannons, and bray him in mortars, and do their best to make an end of him. He repents, however, and repenting escapes, and is restored to Columbine. This proves that repentance is a virtue, and youthful heedlessness a not unpardonable sin; also, that Beauty and Youth have only to behave themselves decently to have everything their own way. It must be noted that the moral lesson conveyed in the fate of Pantaloon and Clown is even stronger. These rascals would certainly succeed but for their innate rascality. They are so strong, so daring, so excessively wise, that Harlequin, for all his magic properties, is often at their mercy. There is no doubt that, if they were only not themselves, they might do as they would with him and Columbine too. But their original sinfulness is too much for them. They go out of ambition's way to gratify their evil passions; they cease from working at their main enterprise to pamper and indulge their worst appetites. They cannot look on a string of sausages but they must steal it; on a respectable trader plying his harmless calling without visiting him with burglary; on a minister of law and order without attempting him with greengrocery in the form of missiles and pokers heated terribly red. There is an ideal life; and to many it is most desirable; there are instants in time when it becomes actual and practicable. Then, in a flash, the world we live in changes; the order of things is miraculously reversed; two neophytes, from ordinary mortality, are translated to a state of clownhood; and in an ecstasy of ease and opportunity all manner of excesses are committed and rejoiced in. But let these favoured Ones be warned. "Be virtuous, and you will be happy"; that is the true morality. Harlequin and Columbine are examples; Pantaloon and Clown are warnings. They prosper for a while; but they fail of their great intention, and go miserably to the dogs. Better (in the long run) is an eternity with Columbine than one mad, fleeting instant of triumph, however gaudy and full, with a red-hot-poker or a butter-slide.

Thus much for pure pantomime. In pantomime so-called there is little or nothing of this sweet and generous expression of the essentials of life and conduct. The opening—the drama proper, the preparation for the great allegory of the harlequinade—is but a chaos of legends and interests, a welter of ballets and processions, a wilderness of dances and topical songs and "comic business." The interest of the transformation-scene is centred, not on the four heroes, representatives of eternal principles, but on the trumpery accident of locality to which they have been conveyed.

From the harlequinade the essential idea of flight and pursuit has been completely eliminated; and nothing remains but a pageant of aimless ruffianism, tempered with double and triple hornpipes. Harlequin reck not of the right uses of his bat and his mask; he leaps through clock-faces and letter-boxes not to escape, not to frustrate the knavish tricks of his ancient enemies, but to show his agility; the few traditional gestures which are all that remains to him of the rich inheritance of Fun are entirely insignificant; he can no more mime an idea or an incident than he can dance like Taglioni or pose like Edmund Kean. As fatal is the change which has come upon his partner, the once enchanting Columbine. She is nothing save an accessory; she means no more than that there will be dancing anon. She is no longer Pantaloon's fair daughter, beloved of sweet Youth, desired by unscrupulous Ugliness, favoured of the powers of Good; her magic has departed, and she is only one member of a *pas de deux*. As for Clown and Pantaloon, their case is merely hopeless. They only represent a tradition of horseshay and dishonesty. They have taken to conversation, and the tin-whistle, and feats of tumbling and leger-demain, and the society of performing dogs. Sounding deeper gulfs of depravity, they have even ventured on a change of costume. Grimaldi's wear is not good enough for them; in strange frenzies of apparel, in debauches of paint, they essay pre-eminence, vilely conspicuous. Once, it is said, a Pantaloon (so called) appeared in the habit of Sir Peter Teazle—or it may have been Julius Caesar—and three days afterwards broke his neck.

At Her Majesty's this year there has been some attempt at a resuscitation of the old tradition, some endeavour to reconstitute the old order and replace the Christmas entertainment on a basis of pure pantomime. Much remains to be done, of course; but there is evidence of a spirit reconstructive and truly conservative, and for so much, at least, we may be grateful. The particular piece of symbolism selected for illustration is that which deals with the adventures of Red Riding Hood. It is complicated—rather foolishly, we think, and quite needlessly—with the legend of Boy Blue; it is traversed and interrupted by a great number of ballets and processions; it suffers from such a tremendous anomaly as a grotesque hero—a Prince Charming turned antic and given over to laughter. But, after a fashion, it is a return to the ways of truth. Its theme is the conflict between good and evil. The drama, in spite of irrelevance and ornamentation, is fairly coherent, and in intention, if not in tone, is tolerably classic. It sets forth the loves of Red Riding Hood and Prince Pelerin; their mortification at the hands of Kantankoros the Usurper and the wizard Maligno; and their final victory by the aid of Sweetlove, the Good Fairy. In the end, there is a certain confusion of ideals, a certain unwarrantable infringement of the old canons. The transformation is correctly inspired, and brought about *secundum artem*; but we are under the impression that Boy Blue, who counts for nothing in the story, is made Harlequin to Red Riding Hood's Columbine, while (as it seemed to us) Prince Pelerin and his servant were told off as Clown and Pantaloon, and Boy Blue's own sweetheart, Rosie Posie, who counts for less than Boy Blue himself, was—or we are greatly mistaken—dragged neck and heels into the medley as Harlequina. If this is not the result of some horrible delusion, but is (as we are disposed to believe) a calm statement of cold, hard fact, it is evident that the reform of pantomime is not much more than begun. Pantomime is nothing if not moral, and where is the morality of this? Why a harlequinade at all, unless to continue and conclude the allegory conveyed in the opening? What is a Harlequina? and why, if Harlequina there must be (which we utterly deny), why not a Pantaloonetta also? why not a Clownina and a Columbinetta at once? After such impieties as these, the impiousness of an "American Facial Clown" (with a new make-up, a turn for conversation, and no acquaintance with first principles) is felt to be a matter almost trivial.

There are many pretty effects in *Red Riding Hood*—that there is no denying. For instance, there is a "Grand Ballet of the Months," which is brightly grouped and dressed, and in which Mlle. Sampietro displays prodigies of agility and skill. Then there is a parody of an operatic finale, which sounds and looks like Meyerbeer gone gorgeously idiotic. Prettiest and most attractive of all, however, are the Kate Greenaway choruses—one of Little Boy Blues, one of tiny Rosie Posies, one of Johnny Stouts. These last, in flat caps with tassels and yellow corduroys buttoned up tight under their armpits, their slates at their backs, a solemn quaintness their peculiar attribute, are simply irresistible. The Boy Blue is Miss Marie Williams; her costume is delightful, and she becomes it admirably. The Red Riding Hood is Miss Victoria Vokes; she acts, works, dances, sings with amazing spirit; her struggle with the Wolf and the Fox (his attendant for the nonce) is a thing to see. Mr. Fred Vokes is, of course, the Prince Pelerin; he is as clever, as nimble, as diverting as ever. His second is Mr. J. T. Powers. This actor, though his style suggests the music-halls a trifle too strongly, is, in his way, a capital pantomimist. He is an agile dancer; his somersaults are singularly quick and neat; the impudence, the cockneyism of his walk, his gestures, his deportment, are perfect. He counts for much in the briskness and brightness of the opening; and in the harlequinade he makes an admirable policeman.

For Her Majesty's, however, Mr. F. W. Green has tried to invent and compose a piece of pure pantomime. For Drury Lane Mr. Blanchard—who could an if he might do better than any—has had to write up to a set of spectacular effects. In *Cinderella* there is very little pantomime indeed. It includes some good

masks and devices; there is a certain attempt at preserving the points of the story; the heroine is played by Miss Kate Vaughan, most graceful of presences, an artist in pantomime and the dance; Mr. Harry Payne is the clown—and Mr. Harry Payne, though he has taken to talking, and has otherwise departed from the traditions illustrated by his glorious family, is still one of the best clowns living; the harlequin, though his practice is unsound in some respects, is a good dancer and a real pantomimist; and has studied his personage in the right school. Having said thus much good of *Cinderella*, we have said all we may. The rest is gaudiness and mere processions, *sans* soul, *sans* sense, *sans* taste, *sans* everything. There are quantities of pageants, ballets, and spectacles; there is an abundance of elaborate sets and clever changes; there is as much scene-painter, stage-carpenter, ballet-master, property-man, and manager as possible, and as little dramatist and drama as can well be. We have a crowded hunting-scene which suggests, not *Cinderella*, but Drury Lane. We have a pageant of nursery heroes and heroines—Gulliver, Orson, Humpty-Dumpty, Miss Muffet, Boy Blue, Goosey Gander, Ali Baba, Aladdin, Prince Azor and the Beauty, Bluebeard, and all the rest of them—which seems inappropriate, and which, for all the lavishness with which it is produced, is certainly tedious and bewildering. We have a transformation scene which ignores the personages of the drama; transforms everything save that which needs transforming; begins with a ballet that is wholly irrelevant, and ends with an apotheosis that is wholly unintelligible. To us, indeed, *Red Riding Hood* at Her Majesty's is in every way far preferable to *Cinderella* at Drury Lane. It is, to begin with, something like a pantomime. Then, while it is not nearly so gaudy and sumptuous as its rival, it is far more original in idea and far prettier in effect. Lastly—if we except the dreadful comic song which is introduced by King Kantankoros—it steers clear of the music-halls. It gives us the Vokeses, the admirable buffoonery of Mr. Powers, the doublet and lace of Boy Blue; and then it stops. In *Cinderella* we have, it is true, the sprightliness of Dot Mario, the capital pantomime of M. Lupino, and the delightful presence and distinction of Miss Vaughan. But over it all is the trail of the Lion Comique; it is traversed by the tedious antics of Messrs. Herbert Campbell and Harry Nicholls. The vulgarity they contrive to import into their performance of the Wicked Sisters would go far to vitiate the best pantomime ever written.

RUSSIAN FINANCE.

THE Russian Government is slow in giving information. It not only denies all freedom to the press, but tries to maintain secrecy respecting all unpleasant social and political events occurring in the Empire, and even as regards the finances, as to which it professes to be in favour of the fullest publicity, its official information is always eleven or twelve months behindhand. A certain delay is inevitable, owing to the immense extent of the Empire, and the want of roads and railways throughout a great part of it. It must obviously take a considerable time to receive and check returns from Transcaucasia, Turkestan, and the banks of the Amoor. Furthermore, the objectionable practice of not closing the Budget at the end of the year causes delay. But when full allowance is made for all this, it is evident that the definitive Budget for 1882 might be in the hands of the public long before December 1883. However, the Controller of the Empire has at length issued his report upon it, and as the ability of Russia to pay its way is a matter of the highest political as well as financial interest, it is desirable carefully to consider this Report. At first sight the results of 1882 are highly satisfactory. There is still a considerable deficit, it is true, but, compared with the years immediately preceding, it is greatly reduced, and therefore suggests satisfactory progress. But a more careful examination leads us to modify the favourable opinion we at first form. The accumulation of deficits year after year since the outbreak of the war against Turkey, and the consequent discredit into which the country fell, induced the Government at the beginning of 1882 to make an earnest effort to reduce expenditure. The heads of the several departments were informed that they must cut down their estimates to the very lowest point; and, as they were thought not to have sufficiently attended to the order, the estimates when sent in were further reduced by the Council of Ministers. The efforts of the Government were not entirely successful, for supplementary estimates afterwards swelled the outlay. But it is fair to remember that in no country in the world where Budgets exist can the administration be carried on without supplementary estimates. If estimates are to be framed before the year begins, they can be worth anything only on condition that those who frame them limit their calculations to what can be foreseen. And as no one can foresee all that may happen during twelve months to come, it is inevitable that there should be supplementary estimates. It would be unfair, then, to object to the Russian Government that its efforts to retrench were futile. The really serious thing is that the supplementary estimates in Russia are usually out of all proportion too large. They have year after year a tendency to increase, suggesting that the desire to make things look pleasant at the beginning of the year leads to an undue cutting down of estimates, and the necessities of the case afterwards swell the supplementary estimates. However, the supplementary estimates in 1882 were kept fairly within bounds. And the efforts of the Government were further aided by the extraordinary cheapness of

provisions. Russia is a purely agricultural country, and its prosperity therefore largely depends upon being able to find a good market for its produce abroad. In 1882, however, it could not find a good market. Prices of all kinds were exceptionally low, and therefore the farmers of Russia were unable to sell their crops advantageously. But the Government benefited from this misfortune to some extent, since the maintenance of the army cost less than it otherwise would have done.

The ordinary expenditure amounted to 71,116,000*l.*, estimating the rouble at 2*s.* for convenience sake; and the ordinary revenue amounted to 70,371,000*l.* There was thus a deficit of 745,000*l.*, or, roughly, three-quarters of a million sterling. In addition to the ordinary expenditure, there was an extraordinary expenditure of somewhat over 2½ millions sterling on account of the railways. And there was a promise to pay the Bank 5 millions sterling for the purpose of withdrawing and cancelling an equivalent amount of notes issued in part payment of the costs of the war against Turkey. Of course this latter sum could not be paid. The Controller of the Empire tells us that he was able to fulfil the promise to the Bank. But we know from the Bank Returns that no notes were cancelled in the year in question; and, therefore, we presume that what the Controller means is that he arranged with the Bank that the payment should be postponed. However, too much importance must not be attached to this point. The debt to the Bank was incurred in part defrayal of the costs of the war against Turkey, and wars of the kind are usually paid for in the first instance by loans. All, therefore, that can be said of the failure of the Russian Government to withdraw 5 millions of these notes is that the country has suffered very severely from the war, and its finances have not yet recovered sufficiently to enable it to begin to redeem the debt then incurred. So, again, regarding the extraordinary expenditure on the railways, nothing more can fairly be urged than that the Russian Government is opening up the communications of the Empire too quickly, considering the financial difficulties in which it is involved. If the resources of the Empire are to be developed, it is clear that railways must be constructed. And it is by no means objectionable that the means of constructing them should be borrowed. All that can fairly be urged is that the Government should be prudent in adding to its debt in this way. The real point to be considered by any one who would judge impartially of the financial condition of Russia is the ordinary expenditure. We have seen that great pressure was brought to bear upon the heads of the spending departments to keep down outlay in the year under review, and that the pressure was aided by the extraordinary cheapness of food and forage. But, nevertheless, we find that even in this year so favoured the attempt failed to establish an equilibrium between income and outlay. There was still an actual deficit of three-quarters of a million sterling. Independently of the cheapness of food and forage, the expenditure was kept down partly by postponing work upon the fortresses and upon the artillery, which has had to be resumed in 1883, and partly by reducing the number of men under arms, a mode of retrenchment which the interests of the Empire require should be carried much further. Compared with the previous year, there was a reduction in expenditure of over 5 millions sterling, and of this reduction by far the greater part was under the head of War. If, however, instead of comparing with the year immediately preceding, we go back to 1873, we find an increase in the expenditure of about 16½ millions sterling. Nearly the whole of this increase is in the charge for the debt and in the cost of the army. The charge for the debt in the ten years increased 99½ per cent., or practically doubled; while the ordinary cost of the army increased 16 per cent. In 1882, as we have seen, the cost of the army was greatly reduced; but in 1881 the ordinary cost of the army exceeded its cost in 1873 by as much as 29 per cent. The charge for the debt, as already stated, doubled in ten years. A portion of the new debt was incurred for the construction of railways and for other useful public works which tend to develop the resources of the country, and in the long run will add to its wealth. But the greater portion of the increase was due to the war against Turkey, and to the enormous increase in the army brought about since the rise of Germany to the first place in Europe. Last year the Ministry of the Interior cost only 6½ millions sterling; the Ministry of Public Instruction less than 2 millions sterling; the Ministry of Communications 1½ million; and the Ministry of Justice not quite a quarter of a million sterling. The four Ministries together, in fact, cost less than 11½ millions sterling out of a total outlay of over 71 millions sterling. It is evident from these figures that, for the sake of maintaining a foreign policy beset with danger to itself, and of extending the limits of the Empire in all directions, the Russian Government is starving the regular Administration, is neglecting the education of the people, and, in short, is disregarding the true interests of its people. The charge of the debt alone exceeded 20 millions sterling in 1882, and the cost of the army and navy was about 23½ millions sterling, making together 43½ millions sterling out of a total outlay of 71 millions sterling, or about 61 per cent. And in these figures we are not including the cost of the Ministry of Finance, nor the extraordinary expenditure upon the army and navy. Neither are we including the cost to the country of the excessive inconvertible paper money. The war alone caused that paper money to be increased 40 millions sterling, and if there is to be a withdrawal of this increase, the debt must be increased at least as much.

The receipts, as already stated, amounted to 70,371,000*l.*, being

an increase over the previous year of somewhat over 5 millions sterling. But the Controller of the Empire frankly admits that a large part of this increase is nominal. Owing to an increase in the duties upon spirits, and to an alteration in the mode of collecting those duties, a portion of the drink revenue for 1881 was not collected until 1882, so that the revenue of the latter year has benefited at the expense of the former. Again, the tobacco duty was raised at the beginning of 1883, and in anticipation of this the manufacture of tobacco was greatly increased in 1882, with the result that the latter year benefited at the expense of the year just ended. Thus, we find that 1882 benefited at the expense of the year immediately preceding, and of the year immediately following, and that thus a portion at least of the increased revenue was temporary, and due to artificial causes. Of the total increase, considerably more than one-half is due to the spirit duties. Since the outbreak of the war with Turkey, the spirit duties have been raised fully 40 per cent., and, as a necessary consequence, the yield has considerably increased. But, as was to have been expected, the consumption of spirits has been considerably checked. As drunkenness was formerly too prevalent in Russia, the ultimate consequence of enforced temperance will doubtless be beneficial to the country from every point of view; but the immediate effect threatens to be prejudicial to the exchequer. Hitherto, as used to be said of ourselves, the Russians have drunk themselves out of their difficulties. Compared with 1873, however, 1882 shows a decided falling off in the consumption of spirits. It would seem, therefore, that a further elevation of the duty would diminish the revenue. Yet, as the expenditure continues to increase, more revenue is required. The effect of constant and rapid increase of the Customs' duties in checking consumption is still more marked. 1882, it is true, showed a considerably larger Customs' revenue than 1881; but, on the other hand, it gave a smaller revenue than 1880, although there had been a considerable increase in the duties in the meantime. When it is recollected that a surtax of 10 per cent. was imposed upon all the Customs' duties in 1882, an increase of less than a million over 1881 and of 350,000*l.* over the average of 1880 and 1881 is exceedingly small, and shows that here also the limit of taxation has really been reached. Furthermore, the personal and the land taxes show a falling off. With the single exception of 1880, they yielded less in 1882 than in any of the previous nine years. The peasants are unable to pay the Land-tax, as augmenting arrears prove; and they, as well as the working classes, are also falling into arrear on account of the Poll-tax. Indeed, their difficulties compelled the Government last year to grant concessions in regard to both these taxes. Altogether, in spite of the artificial increase in the spirit duties, the tobacco duties, and one or two other items, the evidence afforded by the Report of the Controller of the Empire goes to confirm what we have lately observed, that the limit of taxation in Russia is nearly, if not quite, reached. The most earnest efforts made by the Government fail, even for a single year, to keep the expenditure down to the level of revenue. And as soon as pressure is relaxed, temporary retrenchment is followed by increased outlay, while additions to taxation check consumption, and the most important taxes unaltered give a diminishing yield.

REVIEWS.

MATERIALS FOR THE HISTORY OF THOMAS BECKET.—VOL. VI.*

THIS volume of *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*—the sixth volume of the whole collection, the second of the *Epistole*—has no introduction beyond a short note explanatory of the appearance of an index at the end. As there is a third volume of the *Epistole* to come, and yet another of biography, the place chosen for the index is certainly a strange one. But we learn that it is the place assigned to it by the late editor, Canon Robertson, who was attacked by a sudden and fatal illness as the last sheet was passing through the press. What were his reasons for so placing the index can only be conjectured; but it is suggested that, conscious of failing strength, and apprehending that the remainder of the work would be left for others to finish, he desired to mark off, as by a distinct boundary, that part of the work which he had executed with his own hand. Whatever may have been his motive, it was right to respect his arrangement, and to leave his index in the place he chose for it. But we trust that the editors of the volumes now in preparation will not therefore treat this part of the work as entirely distinct. It will be intolerable to have two volumes of the *Epistole* indexed together with four volumes of *Lives*, while the last volume of *Epistole* has an index to itself, or in common with the last volume of biography. Either there must be a common index to the whole eight volumes, or the three volumes of letters must have an index of their own. Perhaps

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it would be well to have both; at any rate, the present index is inadequate as a guide through the mazes of the correspondence. Under the names of the writers we ought to have had lists of their *Epistolæ*, so that one could easily refer to a letter by any given writer, as Herbert of Bosham, or John of Salisbury. Under the head "Herbert of Bosham" we do indeed find a reference to "letters written in the Archbishop's name" in the fifth volume. But there are in the present volume three letters by Herbert in the Archbishop's name, four in the name of other people, and one in his own, to which no reference is given. If we want to pick out his letters, or those of the Archbishop himself, or of John of Salisbury, from among the mass, we have to go through the table of contents, and there we meet constantly with that detestable form "*Idem ad eundem*," which ought by this time to be abolished. In the case of Ep. cccviii. this has led to an error, the letter referred to being not from Thomas, the "*Idem*" in question, but from Pope Alexander. There is also an error in the entry in the index:—"Eudes, Count of Brittany . . . accuses Henry of having seduced his sister." It was the daughter of Eudes—"filiam ejus virginem, quam illi pacis obsidem dederat"—by an (illegitimate) half-sister of Henry's mother. We will add the expression of a hope that the editor of the forthcoming volume will be a little more liberal of help in the way of side-notes, of which, as we have observed in a former article, Canon Robertson was very chary. In making these remarks, we have no wish to depreciate the work of the late editor, to whom all students of twelfth-century history and literature owe a deep debt for his having brought into order the hitherto confused and unintelligibly-arranged mass of letters relative to the great controversy between the King and the Archbishop, and whose death before the completion of his valuable labours all must regret. We only suggest that in a few points of detail his plan might be improved upon.

The present portion of the correspondence opens about the middle of 1166 with two letters from John of Salisbury, then still in exile on the Continent, to Master Radulf Niger of Poitiers—in plain English, Ralf Black—written shortly after the famous storm of excommunications at Vézelay. It is evident that Radulf had observed that the excommunicates were not generally shunned as they should be—here the immortal quotation from the *Jackdaw of Rheims* will obtrude itself upon the memory, but we forbear. John of Salisbury takes the matter calmly:—

Quod illi non evitantur quos dominus Cantuariensis denunciavit excommunicatos, non tam ipsum ledit quam illos qui eis communicant.

In his heart John evidently regretted that the Archbishop had taken such violent action, and he is careful to aver that he had nothing to do with it:—

Ego scio, quod neque in ferenda sententia præsens fui, neque de consilio meo aut de conscientia lata est. Et necdum, Deo teste, quosdam eorum qui notati sunt novi, neque, quod meminim, vidi.

Then he half promises to use his influence with the Archbishop in favour of one of the excommunicated Royal ministers, Richard of Ilchester, Archdeacon of Poitiers; and in the meanwhile he advises his correspondent upon the delicate question of intercourse with the Archdeacon. The perfect man, he lays down, has no intercourse with the excommunicate, even in *verbi commercio*, save it be to denounce his fault, much less in *mensa, vel in ecclesia et similibus*. But even Elisha the prophet did, out of regard for King Jehoshaphat, reveal the word of the Lord to the idolatrous King of Israel. And then there is the case of Naaman in the house of Rimmon, whence it is manifest "*quatenus imperfectos urget interdum reverentia publicæ potestatis*." From all which the charitable conclusion is deduced that Radulf Niger may hold intercourse with his Archdeacon in the hope of influencing him for good. The same spiritual precedents, with much the same reasoning, reappear in a similar letter of counsel to the celebrated Parisian professor of canon and civil law, Gerard Pucelle, on the subject of his sojourn at Cologne, one of the strongholds of Frederick Barbarossa's Antipope. Here the case of Naaman is cited rather more doubtfully. Even Naaman, it is observed, felt the necessity of obtaining the Prophet's pardon and prayers beforehand—"Si ergo tantum timuit gentilis, ignarus legis, quantum timere debet philosophus Christianus, doctor legis?" Nevertheless John concludes in favour of his friend's conduct, which had been much discussed, "*multis accusantibus, excusantibus paucis*":—

Meum itaque consilium est et desiderium, ut inter schismaticos et hæreticos fidem prædictis et pacem, ea sapientia et moderatione qua proposit ecclesie, in cujus fortasse utilitate et salute personam vestram Dominus ad hos barbaros destinavit.

But the subsequent history of Gerard Pucelle goes to prove how dangerous it is to bow down in the house of Rimmon. The result of Gerard's taking up his abode in the schismatical city of Cologne was that he accepted a benefice from the schismatics, and had much ado to put himself right again with the Pope, whose absolution he only obtained on condition of pronouncing a formal condemnation of the schism and giving up the benefice. Thomas of Canterbury himself, though he exerted his influence with the Pope in favour of Gerard Pucelle, writes a stern refusal to the Bishop of Worcester, who after the renewed fulmination of excommunications on Palm Sunday and Ascension Day, 1169, had begged permission "*excommunicatis communicare*." The letter is a fine piece of fiery rhetoric, and would win our admiration were it not for the remembrance of what, to a modern mind, seems the general unreasonableness of Thomas's proceedings.

On the lay side of the dispute, however, unreasonableness came out in cruel and savage action. Sympathy with King Henry is seriously checked when we are reminded, by a letter from the Archbishop to the Pope, how, by an act of despotism worthy of any Oriental prince, the King drove into exile all the kin of Thomas, clerk and layman, women and children, small and great. Many, writes the Archbishop, have died in exile; many still await the mercy of God, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness. In another letter, from a "*quidam amicus*," we get the well-known picture of Henry in one of his fits of rage—"solito furore succensus"—tearing off his garments, pulling the silk coverlet from his bed, and sitting down and gnawing the straw. The writer goes on to describe the curious incident of the King stopping some Templars who were about to salute Richard of Ilchester, "*dicens nolle eos excommunicato osculum dare*"—a sign that excommunication was not altogether ineffective. It is unpleasant to read in the next letter how a lad who was intercepted with Papal letters had his eyes nearly gouged out to make him confess from whom he received the papers—"in arcto fuisse positum, digitis ad oculos eruendos appositus usque ad effusionem sanguinis, et aqua calida per os injecta, donec confiteretur se litteras a magistro Heriberto [Herbert of Bosham] accepisse." Further on in the same year, 1166, John of Salisbury, commenting on the silence of his correspondents in England, infers that they are so oppressed that they dare no longer even complain; they are in the case of schoolboys, whose masters flog them first into crying and then into silence. It is touching to see that when John of Salisbury cast about for a parallel to the extreme tyranny of King Henry, it was evidently in his own schoolmasters that he found it.

There are many letters of great interest and importance, ranging over the period from John of Oxford's mission at Rome to the excommunication of the Bishop of London and others in 1169. The much-discussed Papal letter authorizing the Archbishop of York to crown King Henry's son will of course attract the reader's attention. It is here assigned to the date of June 17, 1167, a time when the Pope was in the utmost distress from the siege of Rome by the Emperor, and was therefore probably anxious to retain King Henry's friendship at almost any price. In a note the late editor has observed that the doubts suggested by the absence of the letter from the Vatican MS. "*seem to be overpowered by the authority of other MSS.*" At any rate Lingard went too far in his dogmatic assertion, "*It is a manifest forgery.*" How closely interwoven were the fortunes of the King and the Archbishop with those of the Pope and the Emperor has been set forth by Milman in a passage which will readily recur to the mind on glancing over these letters. We find John of Salisbury inquiring of Gerard Pucelle, "*an aliquid postea certum accepit de expeditione imperatoris, et vestro Coloniensi*" (*i.e.* Reginald, the schismatical Archbishop of Cologne). We read the English Archbishop's rejoicings over the discomfiture, as yet only known by rumour, of the *ex-princeps*—so he styles Frederick—who in the hour of his triumph at Rome has seen his host smitten down by the pestilence. John of Salisbury utters a prayer that He who has repulsed "*the Teutonic tyrant*" in confusion from the City—"ab Urbe"—will of His grace lead back the King of the English into the right way. Again and again the writers revert to this destruction of Frederick Barbarossa's army by the Roman pestilence, a destruction which impressed men in those days as the destruction of Napoleon's Grand Army by the Russian winter impressed men within our own century. The fate of "*Fredericus ex-Augustus*," cast down from his high estate, "*miser, sed nulli miserabilis*," is held up as a warning to King Henry; the Scriptural parallel of Sennacherib is of course frequently cited; and when in 1169 it is rumoured that "*the Teutonic tyrant*" has the gout, the image with the clay feet which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream at once suggests itself to John of Salisbury's memory. The epithet "*ex-Augustus*" applied to Frederick occurs not infrequently; but the *Antipapa*, whom one would expect to find in company with the *ex-Augustus*, does not, as far as we have seen, appear under that name. "*Hæresiarcha Cremensis*" is John of Salisbury's description of the Antipope Guy of Crema. It is worth noting that the title *Rex Angliæ*, which later on was formally adopted by King John, was already in use, though it had not yet driven out the older style of *Rex Anglorum*. Thomas, who must have been familiar with points of etiquette, seems to use either form indifferently. The term *ecclesia Anglicana*, which in the next century was to appear in the Great Charter, occurs perpetually, though the *ecclesia Anglorum* known to Pope Gregory and Beda is also still to be found. On one point we crave for more light. John of Salisbury, still watching with eager interest the waning fortunes of the *schismaticus ex-Augustus*, and predicting that all Frederick's "*accomplices*"—the whole Imperialist or Ghibelin party, in fact—will fall with him, draws an illustration from the *rithmachia*:—

Nam et in rithmachia ludentium hoc indicat focus, ubi quotiens aufertur pyramis intercepta, totiens concidunt latera ejus.

Ducange, as the editorial note tells us, has explained that *rythmachia* means *modulorum seu numerorum certamen*, and has referred the inquirer to a chapter of John of Salisbury's *Polycraticus*, "*where, however, neither the word, nor any description of the game answering to that in the text, is to be found.*" Something akin to the building of card-houses would seem to be nearer the mark. We trust that some searcher into antiquity may yet be able to throw light upon the nature of the jocose game of *rith-*

machia, with which—we would fain indulge the fancy—the youthful John of Salisbury may have solaced such moments as he could snatch from the domination of tyrant schoolmasters.

Our last quotation shall be from St. Thomas of Canterbury himself, for the sake of a curious personal allusion which might easily escape the reader if it were not pointed out to him by the editor. King David has uttered a complaint that the drunkards made songs upon him, or, as the Vulgate has it, “in me psallebant qui bibebant vinum.” This text Thomas, complaining to Cardinal Otho of his opponents among the bishops, applies to himself, varying it thus—“psallit in nos etiam qui non bibit vinum.” At first this seems pointless; but in a note Canon Robertson has suggested the probable allusion. The Archbishop’s especial antipathy, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, was a vegetarian and a total abstainer—“vinum vel carnes non gustans,” says William Fitzstephen. Hence the sting of “psallit in nos qui non bibit vinum.” The modern reader, unless he happens to be familiar with the mediæval tone of thought, will probably be inclined to censure this fashion of dealing with Scripture as flippant and irreverent for an archbishop and an aspirant to sainthood and martyrdom, more especially as there are peculiarly solemn associations connected with the Psalm thus, one may almost say, travestied; and yet in this censure he would be unjust. The devout man of mediæval times was, without a thought of irreverence, as free in his handling of Scriptural phrases and his twisting of texts to fit his own circumstances as ever was the Puritan of later days. The apparent irreverence in both cases springs from that thorough belief in the Bible and in themselves combined which characterized alike the mediæval and the Puritan saint.

JOHN HERRING.*

IT is not enough that a novelist should conceive a powerful situation. Whether he succeeds or not in approaching the perfect type must, in a great measure, depend upon the means by which his characters are developed and the chain of events that lead up to the situation put together. If the means he uses are such as to violate probability, or to make us feel out of sympathy with those of his creations for whom the narration necessarily demands our sympathy and interest, then the story, however good the situation, fails as a whole. This sympathy need not necessarily be a sympathy of approbation; it may be merely a sympathy of comprehension, to borrow De Quincey’s distinction. We must be made to understand and feel with a character; for without such comprehension, whether of hero or villain, our interest in the character is forfeited. This seems the fault of *John Herring*, otherwise a very well-told story. The main situation is excellent, the style is rapid and vigorous throughout, while the reflections and comments are full of shrewdness and humour; but the failure in the development of the story is pronounced, and cannot be completely condoned by any of the other virtues which the book possesses in so high a degree. Our sympathy of comprehension is forfeited in both hero and heroine. Both are made when the strain of the plot is upon them to act in such a way that, put ourselves as we will in their places and characters, we cannot conceive the conduct they variously pursue as possible. But before we attempt to justify such a view of the story, let us express our thanks to the author of *John Herring* for so pleasant a book. Those who agree with the view stated above, and wish the book better, cannot but at the same time be delighted with the wit, of the comments, the reality and charm of the dialogue, and the correctness of the descriptions. No one who takes up *John Herring* will be likely to lay it aside unread, and even the most inveterate skipper will find in it a spell to chain his wandering eyes.

Let us try to roughly condense the long series of stirring incidents set forth in *John Herring*. There was an old man named Cobbledick (of whom more hereafter) who lived with his daughter inside a cromlech called the Giant’s Table on Dartmoor. The girl slept inside, but the old man retired at night to a cider-cask outside, because his dead wife haunted him if he slept within. The cask was tied to one of the upright stones of the cromlech. On the night which begins the story, the cask was being rocked from side to side so as to woo sleep to the eyes of old Cobbledick. Unfortunately, Miss Cobbledick rocked too hard. The cask broke its moorings and went careering down the slope of Dartmoor, spilling old Cobbledick as it went. Still more unfortunately, it took the course of the coach-road from Okehampton, which crossed the moor near the cromlech, and careering along it met a post-chaise with two horses—“leaping at them like a tiger at the throat of its prey,” as our author puts it. The coach is, of course, upset, and of course there is some one killed. Who better than the heroine’s father? The daughter is thus left to the protection of the third occupant of the carriage, who is naturally a total stranger—a mere fellow-traveller—who has shared the hire of the carriage in the way people used to do fifty years ago, when the event took place. Hero John Herring and heroine Mirelle are thus left on the moor together; but it is a long while yet before they will be able to get into the requisite positions of marriage, murder, and suicide. Mirelle, it may be observed at once, is a girl of nineteen; her father’s name was

Strange, but she prefers the more euphonious appellation of the Countess Garcia de Cantalejo. This was her mother’s name, who had married Mr. Strange, a Brazilian diamond merchant, for his money. Soon after her marriage she had brought her little daughter to Paris to educate her and to escape from Mr. Strange, who had unpardonably insulted his wife’s dignity by marrying her. The mother lived in the great world of Paris on Mr. Strange’s handsome remittances; the daughter was brought up at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur. She did not see much of her mother, but still enough to imbibe the most exalted notions of her own nobility of birth. The result of the good sisters’ teachings and her mother’s example was to make her a fervent Roman Catholic, firmly believing that her mother was a saint and her father a heretic and a vulgar monster who had taken advantage of her mother’s poverty, but that she, at any rate, inherited nothing in the way of race on her father’s side. When Mirelle’s mother died, her father resolved to come home and settle in England. He went to Paris, took his daughter out of the convent, and brought her to Falmouth. He was on his way to London when the accident occurred. West Wyke was the only house near the scene of the accident—a tumble-down old manor house belonging to the Battishills, a decayed county family. Here the dead man was carried, and here Mirelle and John Herring took shelter. As Mirelle had taken it into her head that John Herring was a commercial traveller, she considered it necessary to treat him with great rudeness, and to regard his protection of her as almost an insult. John Herring nevertheless persevered in his kindness, which was soon to take a warmer colour, and did everything in his power to help Mirelle. He arranged all her affairs, first rescuing the baggage from the hands of old Cobbledick, who was found prowling among the *débris* of the post-chaise. Nothing, however, seemed lost. The will was of course in Mr. Strange’s desk. It had been made some years before, and constituted a certain Mr. Trampleasure guardian and trustee of Mirelle till she reached the age of twenty-three. When old Squire Battishill and John Herring discovered this they were thunderstruck, for Trampleasure was a rascally attorney of the most approved type of fiction. He had cheated poor Mr. Battishill almost out of his last penny, and, indeed, the whole of Cornwall and Devon rang with his malpractices. It was pretty certain that Mr. Trampleasure would sink all his ward’s money in some bubble mining company such as he delighted to finance. Even if John Herring had wanted to burn the will—and we do not feel sure that he did not—he could not have done so, for as it lay on the table in walked Mr. Trampleasure junior and picked it up. There was therefore no help for it, and Mirelle and her six thousand pounds had to be handed over to Mr. Trampleasure. This was not very pleasant for Mirelle with her high-born feelings, for the Trampleasures were hardly a polished family. Mr. Trampleasure senior was noisy, vulgar, and familiar; Mr. Trampleasure junior’s talk was of barmaids; Mrs. Trampleasure was fond of playfully addressing her husband as Mr. Tram; while the girl Orange, though handsome and not aggressively ill-bred, was jealous and vindictive. Though John Herring had pressing business at Exeter, he yet waited at West Wyke and kindly took the trouble to convey Mirelle to the Trampleasures at Launceston. For this Mirelle did not thank him, because, as she gracefully expressed it on one occasion, she thought he was a *commis voyageur*. When he went unthanked away, he put a card into her hand telling her she might always count on his help. She thought he was offering her an advertisement of his business, and received it accordingly. When he had gone Mirelle looked at it, and found he was an officer in a regiment that had served with great distinction at Waterloo. Like Cadsby after he had snubbed the Duke in Mr. Du Maurier’s picture, she felt annoyed at this. Mirelle has not been long at Launceston before she begins to fall in love with a certain Captain Trecarrel, who is engaged to marry Miss Orange Trampleasure. This worthy is a blue-eyed captain of militia and a Roman Catholic of old Cornish family, but of very small means. Captain Trecarrel must marry money, and though he sees he has made a conquest of Mirelle, he thinks Miss Orange the safer investment on the whole. John Herring, now over head and ears in love with Mirelle, goes back to West Wyke, and finds that, in helping Mr. Battishill and his daughter Cicely, he will have a fine chance of extending his sphere of usefulness. He resolves to help them; but the task is a difficult one, for Mr. Trampleasure has mortgages on the whole estate, and Mr. Battishill’s affairs are in utter confusion. There seems no possibility of saving the estate. It must go, as Trampleasure seems determined to foreclose.

We must now explain the place occupied by the Cobbledicks in the story. Grizzley, the father, and Joyce, the daughter, are represented as complete savages, survivals of neolithic man, who maintain to our day all the manners, habits of thought, and forms of belief which characterized him. The Cobbledicks themselves have a sense of property, and of this they are very proud, as some of their cousins on the moor have not reached this pitch of enlightenment. The author in his preface assures us positively that such people existed in Devonshire till a few years ago. As we are thus denied the opportunity of doubting their existence, we can only humbly remark that they and their manners would look less strange in a novel of Polynesian life. We have, however, no desire to bandy probabilities with the author of *John Herring*, and at any rate the Cobbledicks are excellent vehicles for a good deal of quiet irony at the expense of the antiquarians. The purpose for which the Cobbledicks are introduced into the story becomes

* *John Herring: a West of England Romance.* By the Author of “*Mehalah*.” 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

evident when the girl Joyce, who had attached herself to John Herring (for reasons too long to be given here), shows him where to find a certain tin box—part of Mr. Strange's luggage—which old Grizzley had picked up on the night of the accident and buried inside the cromlech. This puts Mr. John Herring into a difficulty, and he resolves to erect a private and secret Court of Chancery within his own breast, and to nominate himself Mirelle's guardian. That his action is not a right one, the author recognizes by making John Herring's miseries turn on this event; but the folly and want of moral sense in what he does cannot be artistically set right thus, because his action is quite unintelligible, and inconsistent with his character. No man of sense and honour, as Herring is represented, could have acted the fool's part he acts. If he acted from passion his course might possibly be understood; but he does not, he deliberates profoundly. It may be asked, what was he to do? Certainly not what he did do. Are there not courts of law; or could he not have lodged the contents of the box in the hands of some third person? But whether a good answer can be at once found or not does not matter; that is the author's business. If he could not find a satisfactory way out of the difficulty, he should not have created the situation in the way he has. Though it is impossible to take much interest in John Herring himself after he has proved of so unreal a nature, the story still continues full of interesting events. These we will leave our readers to find out for themselves.

It is needless to wish *John Herring* success, for that is secured to any work by the author of *Mehalah*. Still we do so, and wish further that it may not be long before he gives to the world another West of England Romance.

THE PARISH OF TAXWOOD.*

DR. MACDUFF tells a good story of Dr. Chalmers, "the simplicity of whose character was out of accord with the rush and torrent of his magnificent verbiage." On one occasion the great orator had been invited to address a primitive prayer-meeting in a remote Highland parish. The parochial minister begged as a personal favour that the distinguished visitor would speak down to the intelligence of his flock, and use only the simplest words and sentences. Chalmers good-naturedly assented, and began with this easy and unstudied sentence:—"My friends, I have been specially asked, in addressing you to-night, to avoid the technical nomenclature of scholastic theology." So when in one of the first paragraphs of Dr. Macduff's preface we find him talk of "excogitating the series" of papers, we had terrible forebodings of a Scottish formality of pulpit style, with a Homeric interspersing of such sonorous words as the "Mesopotamia" which charmed a venerable parishioner when listening to a candidate for a cure. We are glad to say that we have been most agreeably disappointed. Dr. Macduff has written a delightful little volume, as true to the life as it is picturesque in its subjects. We fancy that we can recognize something of its scenes and scenery, whether they be actually laid in "the presbytery of Forglen" or no; and we are sure, if we may trust early reminiscences, that the types which he illustrates are singularly faithful. Books of the kind, when they are pleasantly and simply written, have a strange fascination, at all events for Scotchmen. We like to refresh our memories of former days by references to such genuinely Scotch authors as "Christopher North" or the late Dr. Norman McLeod. As devoted to the fatherland as Walter Scott, they loved the humbler classes of their fellow-countrymen, and not a few of their descriptions hold a place in our affections with the interior of the Mucklebackit's cottage in *The Antiquary*, or with *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. We shall be inclined to add this unpretentious little volume to the standard authorities on these favourite subjects. In dwelling on the memories of the parish of Taxwood, though it strikes us that the name is not very happily chosen, Dr. Macduff translates us back to an earlier world which is being left behind by modern innovations. It comes to us with a savour of the lavender and strong-smelling herbs which the old women of the parish, in their scarlet cloaks and "mutches"—the mutch, we may say, was an old-fashioned and stiffly-starched cap—used to carry to the kirk by way of anti-soporifics. These ancient matrons, as Dr. Macduff reminds us, used to sit literally at the feet of the minister, and make themselves comfortable on the pulpit steps. He describes the golden age of a fortunate and highly favoured parish, when the railways as yet had hardly broken ground, and where the local and self-concentrated life had still an intense local vitality. The people of Taxwood were fortunate in a "laird" who lived peaceably at home and spent his rental generously among his tenants and neighbours. They were fortunate in a schoolmaster who cherished the lambs of the flock, and who kept them by kindness fairly within bounds when their youthful spirits threatened to become exuberant. They were fortunate in a clergyman who to his spiritual gifts united a considerable share of cultivation with much of the harmless worldly wisdom of the serpent. And they were doubly fortunate in the presence of the minister's sister, who laid everything, from his poultry-yard to his purse, under contribution for her charities, and who went about the homes of the parish like a ministering angel. Unpretending as the pictures may

be, to paint these worthy people to the life demands no little shrewdness of observation, considerable power of mental analysis, with a combination of rarer faculties. And in the pictures we have quaint drollery as well as kindly satire; and, while each has some fascination of its own, one at least is wonderfully pathetic.

The minister is, of course, the most prominent figure. As we know nothing of the personal history of Dr. Macduff we cannot say whether there is any self-portraiture in it. If we suspect as much, it is only because we happen to remember that the Doctor has written the romantic *Story of a Shell*; and Mr. Erskine, of Taxwood, is described as possessing a remarkable collection of shells and sea treasures. Once mounted on that favourite hobby of his he was apt to give it the rein, till, "if it were possible that he could ever be voted a bore, it was when a dull phlegmatic company were gathered round the mahogany cabinet," and when he assumed that his listeners were interested like himself. Be that as it may, the Reverend Mr. Erskine was a type of the cultivated Scotch clergyman of the higher class. He had some small means of his own, so that he could indulge in a well-selected library and his sister's calls on his purse could be answered conveniently and promptly. He had the gift of speaking straight to the hearts of his flock, and he brought discretion as well as earnestness to the round of his parochial visitations. But after all, the best of clergymen, however effectively drawn, must be of a somewhat commonplace character. He can be of no particular age or country. A more original type, because it is more strictly Scottish, is the "minister's man." As Dr. Macduff remarks in some of those formal sentences which, notwithstanding prognostications from the preface, are the exception, and not the rule, "This satellite in Scottish manse life occupies a position altogether unique. He is worth little if he does not bulk as an important personage; his importance expanding in compound ratio with advancing years of service." In the first place, he must be of unimpeachable character. He must be an accomplished gardener and a good practical farmer. He must be a capable groom and coachman. And, above all, he must have a certain readiness of diplomatic tact, since he is constantly in relation with members of the congregation who come in search of the minister when the minister may be otherwise engaged. In these circumstances it is hardly in human nature that the man should not strive to become the master. And nothing is more significant of the moral strength of Mr. Erskine than the fact that Dan MacGlashan came to acknowledge his supremacy, although Dan's self-sufficiency and self-assurance were his besetting sins; and though their relations had necessarily begun in his instructing the minister in farming. There is an excellent sketch of Dan doing the honours of the manse, or at all events of its cartsheds and stables, when a deputation of clergymen from the adjoining parishes came for the annual school-examination. Scarcely less important than the minister's factotum was the schoolmaster. Indeed in Scotland the schoolmaster very frequently is, or at least was, a minister who had missed parochial preferment by some lack of oratorical gifts or readiness. When his humiliation as a "stickit stibler" had been forgotten—vide for an explanation of the phrase the story of Dominie Sampson in *Guy Mannering*—he naturally assumed a double portion of self-importance. And, like Mr. McInlay, the teacher of Taxwood, he usually filled a plurality of offices, for which he was pretty sure to be exceptionally well suited, as they conveniently eked out his scanty salary. Thus Mr. McInlay was clerk of the sessions, in which capacity his services were invaluable. But he scarcely figured to so much advantage as precursor or leader of the sacred melodies. He had neither voice nor ear, but, on the other hand, he had chronic attacks of bronchitis. And though the £l. of income attached to the office was of importance to him, and though he was universally beloved and appreciated even by his victims, it became necessary at last to suggest his resignation, when the laird had to charge himself with the delicate duty.

We said that there was a good deal of pathos in the sketches, and nothing is more prettily pathetic than the story of the relations of the laird with the little child of his gardener. That it is one of the actual reminiscences of the author we cannot doubt for a moment. The laird had lost his only son and heir, and, although a couple of daughters were left to console him, yet he had a general craving for affection, and was excessively fond of children. The gardener's little daughter had stolen insensibly into his heart. Neither the old man nor the infant had any consciousness of the social distance between them, and Daisy would slip her tiny hand into his, and become his companion in his strolls among the fruit-trees and flower-beds. The laird loved his dogs, and his dogs loved their master; but they were far more attached to the little girl. It is a delightful touch of natural sentiment, and there is a charming little engraving illustrative of it, in the description of the child's friendship with the most crossgrained member of the kennel. "Surly" was dull, sulky, vicious, unprepossessing, with bleary eyes and hideously underhung, and he even kept his indulgent master at a distance. Like the cynical philosopher whom he resembled in character, Surly lived in a tub, though under compulsion, and nobody dared come within the compass of his chain. But Daisy had cast her innocent spells over him, so that she "was allowed every imaginable liberty, hugging him by the neck, getting inside his huge tub of a domicile (a new, but very faithful, rendering of 'Beauty and the Beast'), the bairn in child-delight bidding the laird defiance from her house of refuge." As the best of us are so often cut off and garnered young, poor Daisy sickens and dies. During

* *The Parish of Taxwood, and some of its older Memories.* By J. B. Macduff, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1883.

her lingering illness the laird is indefatigable in his attentions to his favourite, bringing her flowers and hot-house grapes by way of offerings of sympathy. He has no heart to follow the funeral train further than the gate of the burial-ground; and "not long after a tombstone, with a slab of white marble inserted, was erected over a tiny grave. There was no name given; only—

TO A LOVED, LOVELY, AND LOVING CHILD,
with the touching Bible words beneath—

And was unto him as a daughter."

Next to the schoolmaster and the minister's man, nothing is more graphic than the sketches of some of the "Mothers in Israel" of the parish. These at least are photographed from the life, for we are told that the heads illustrating the text are striking resemblances, as we can easily believe. Those old ladies had strong individualities of their own, with a quaint and ingenuous habit of expressing themselves. Anecdotes torn away from their context are seldom telling; and yet we may venture to repeat one or two. One of these old women was speaking to the author of a clergyman who had been famous in her younger days. She was expatiating on the richness of his ministerial gifts, and on the figure he made in memorable appearances when he filled the pulpit of Taxwood. The description, graphic throughout, wound up as follows:—"And he was *vicious* at a' times, but especially at the sermons." While another of a softer spirit expressed herself unconsciously almost like Sir Walter Scott, when, after laying poor John Ballantyne in the Greyfriars Churchyard, he said that thenceforth the sunshine could never seem so bright to him as before. "The first time," said Jenny, "that I cam' out o' my cottage-door, I thoct the grass was nae langer green, the sky nae langer blue, and the sun nae langer gowd. I thoct a' about me was the colour o' ashes." And we think we have said enough to send our readers to a book which, while showing unusual powers of observation, is written with equal simplicity and deep earnestness of feeling.

IN THE COMPANY'S SERVICE.*

THE Indian Mutiny has supplied materials for more than one tolerable novel and the mine is not yet exhausted. But it is perhaps a defect in the story now before us that the scene is laid in a Presidency which was never involved in the general conflagration. The Bombay army, with partial exceptions, did not swell the ranks of the insurgents at Delhi or elsewhere; and the treasures of Deccan collectorates were not looted, nor had the collectors, as Mr. Bright would put it, to flee for their lives. This deprives the author of the opportunity of dealing with rebellion on a wide scale, or of describing, for instance, the heroism and endurance which practically converted frail palisades and a crumbling Residency into a first-class fortress, proof against all assaults. Still there is no absolute lack of striking episodes and hairbreadth escapes; while accuracy of detail about the station, the fort, the cantonment, and the social life of their residents always imparts liveliness to the narrative. The untravelled Englishman is not ensnared, the Anglo-Indian expert is not offended by misleading dates and titles, by mangled names, or by the union of incompatible functions in a caricature of one and the same official. Then it is always gratifying to have a faithful picture of a training institution that has long got beyond the possibility of revolution, improvement, or decay. We do not recollect any story in which the life of a cadet of the East India Company at Addiscombe has been so well told, since the *Peregrine Pultney* of the late Sir John Kaye. The career of half a dozen young men at what was once the residence of Lord Liverpool, and then for years became the nursery of captains and politicians, is graphically told. The mixture of school life and military discipline, the competition for the Engineers and the Artillery, in which mathematics and drawing counted for much and the classics for little; where to "get the Engineers" was the grand object of the runners in the race; the irregularities and their penal consequences; the half-yearly examination and parade of acquirement, and the address of the Chairman of the Court of Directors, made half in warning and half in encouragement, could only have been touched on by a man who retained a clear recollection of his early days, and could recall facts without trusting too much on imagination to supply an hiatus. Nor can we doubt that several of the more prominent characters in the tale are sketched from life. The Chairman of the Court, who represented, not the military but the naval element of that body, will easily be recognized. The Lieutenant-Governor of the seminary, the public examiner, the portly sergeant, and Lady Monk, with her brocade and feathers and her pink notes of invitation, are no lay figures. We think the author rather hard on a certain functionary of the India Office, now deceased, who figured on field days, and who is described as a mixture of pomposity and insolence, with the address and manners of a beadle. But the Addiscombe chapter, with its incidental and not incorrect allusions to Haileybury, revives two places which, with all their faults, their "anomalous" and "illogical" and "indefensible" positions, sent forth the soldiers and the civilians who founded and consolidated that Empire of which, by the latest and most enlightened teaching, the average British householder is led to think he ought to be half ashamed.

But the life in cadets' quarters is very soon exchanged for

the bungalow and the cantonments of the Western Presidency of India. The principal characters in the story are naturally these same cadets developed into soldiers of the Artillery and the Line. Alan Douglas is one of a large family, who, but for the patronage of a judicious and friendly Director, would have gone into the Church. David Robertson is an eccentric and cynical Scotchman. Denning, though not exactly a Company's hard bargain, is of more humble origin; and we must set down the depreciatory sketch of this personage to the infatuation of the author, who somehow still believes in transmitted worth and the education and feelings of a gentleman born. But the real hero of the story is Norman Farquhar, who takes to a military career as a Brahman to his Sacred Thread, just "misses the Engineers," and—though we are anticipating the end—dies like a soldier in one of the episodes of 1857. To these personages, when they once start on active life in India, must be added Dalmayne the Civil and Superior Judge, by no means a copy of Joe Sedley but a man fully up to his work in ordinary times, and quite equal to the emergency which roused many a one in a black coat to act as if red were its natural colour; Northam, a clear-headed, somewhat sceptical doctor, who does not talk broad Scotch, like the typical surgeon of so many Indian stories; the Rev. Mr. Smythe, a chaplain sleek and comfortable, and an inferior kind of Archdeacon Grantley; Connelly, a sergeant, made thoroughly uncomfortable by being promoted from the ranks to a commission, but, withal, plain-spoken, soldierlike, and honest; and a few other minor characters. The ladies are represented by Mrs. Smythe, the vulgar but good-natured wife of the chaplain; her daughter, neither a professional beauty nor a regular garrison hack; and Margaret Cunynghame, the daughter of the colonel commanding the station, who is a model of grace, dignity, good sense, and filial devotion. The scene is laid mainly at Chotapoor, which, from its fort, cantonment, and other incidents, is certainly not Poona, but might be meant partly for Belgaum or Dharwar. We may observe, without hypercriticism, that the name assigned to this ideal station had better have been compounded of two substantives than of an adjective and a substantive. Rampore, Nagpore, Kishenpore, Doulatpore, Raghunathpore, and many others are examples. Chotapoor, of course, is the little city, but we never heard of that or its opposite Burrapoor in any part of India. The author may plead as a precedent *Dustypore*, but that is admittedly a hybrid. However, given these personages, then a dinner at the commandant's, a ball at the judge's, a cricket match, and some discussion about prospects and promotion follow as a matter of course. But these rather well-worn topics are diversified by the outbreak of the Mutiny. First we have rumours in the bazaar. The behaviour of the natives seems to have changed. Looks of defiance have succeeded to obsequiousness and respect, and we are reminded that little more than thirty years ago men travelled by palanquin and bullock-cart; that there were no telegraphs, though there was a regular monthly communication between England and India; and that the schottische had only just been introduced by some new arrival let loose from a London drawing-room. So the news of the outbreak at Meerut reaches Chotapoor to find the residents not wholly unprepared. The drivers of the batteries of artillery had shown symptoms of insubordination, and officers came to dine at mess with their swords ready for use. A body of armed malcontents headed by two traitorous Sepoys make for the mess-house, but all insurrection is stopped for the time by the activity of a comparatively unimportant character, who most properly cuts down the leading man on the very steps of the verandah. Still the evil spirit is not utterly quelled. The residents deem it advisable to take to the fort, to repair its breaches, and to look up some old guns more calculated to inspire dread in the defenders than in the assailants. The Sepoy regiment at last openly rebels, and shoots down its commanding officer, who, like many others at that period, forfeits his life from a generous and misplaced confidence in the loyalty of those whom he had looked on as his children. Norman Farquhar narrowly escapes the same fate, having gone out hog-hunting in the morning under the feeling that prompted so many of our countrymen at the same trying epoch. The ordinary station life still went on as usual, until the rattle of musketry, the blazing bungalow, and the roar of gaol-birds let loose, announced to the mass of the community that the English rule had ceased for a time. In the fort many of the better qualities of the residents are brought out, much as they are in the shipwreck in Mr. Tom Taylor's play of *The Overland Route*. But, failing the occurrence of some great turning-point in the history of the Presidency, the author has to bring matters to a conclusion. And this is accomplished, not in the very happiest manner, by the following device. A certain contingent, we are told, had been sent from head-quarters, not to relieve the station of Chotapoor, but to co-operate with a force somewhere in Central India, and incidentally to keep down a rising apprehended in one of our districts which bordered on the Nizam's country. This battery falls in, by mere chance, with the rebels already disorganized, and pounds them successfully with what is called round shot in one part of the story and blank cartridges in another. The judge, who, the colonel being struck down with paralysis, has assumed the direction of everything and everybody, military and civil, deems it indispensable to depute some active officer to communicate with this wandering battery, bring it to Chotapoor, and make the station safe. Farquhar starts on this errand, after taking leave of Margaret Cunynghame, who is evidently reserved for some one else; and, as he does not return within the period which the

* *In the Company's Service: a Reminiscence.* London: Allen & Co. 1883.

doctor—*tempora dinumerans*—allows him for getting over the distance, the practised reader will at once conclude that, in the words of the said doctor, "something has gone amiss." So Northam and the line adjutant set out on a cold night and with a waning moon, and come on the battery just as it was engaging the rebel host in earnest and breaking it into fragments. But in joining his friend Alan Douglas and the Artillery camp, Farquhar is hit by a stray bullet, and is soon in the hands of the doctor, and is laid on a camp-bed, from which we are certain he never can rise in health. Many authors would have preferred to make the hero die while performing some deed of "derring do," to use a term of romance—cutting down a Mahratta horseman, for instance, or, with two or three others, charging a whole company of rebels flushed with excitement and "loot." But we gather from divers expressions that poor Farquhar is intended for the gallant but unlucky man of his generation, who dies by a stray shot from an unknown hand, and not even at the capture of a "petty fortress." Farquhar is not the only man of that period who did his duty, died in discharge of it, was hardly ever mentioned in any public order or manifesto, or, if he survived, received neither praise nor "riband to stick in his coat." When Farquhar, removed to the Fort in the splendid palanquin belonging to the chaplain and sent on this errand, is duly cared for but dies with a letter from Margaret Cunynghame in his hand, the other characters are soon disposed of. Margaret herself marries Alan Douglas. The chaplain's daughter accepts the cautious and canny David Robertson. Hambling, the line adjutant, having for once in his life displayed some vigour, sinks back into a club lounge, and shows that life is hardly worth living. Dalmaine, the judge, never marries but retires, makes no boast of his own wisdom and ability in the Mutiny, and has two pretty nieces who manage his house. Northam, the sceptical doctor, writes an excellent book on the pathology and treatment of tropical diseases. Connolly, the sergeant, promoted to be a captain, goes back to his home in Somersetshire. And the progress of civilization dwarfs Chotapoor into a mere wayside station, with a clerk and a few porters. This result, we must say, is the very last thing which ought to have happened to a station which had a history, and a fort, and everything handsome about it. A railway would be far more likely, especially on the plateau of the Deccan, to elevate Chotapoor or any other station, into a popular place, the residence of a Commissioner or a resort for invalids from the damp and heat of the Concan. But we attribute this error to a wish on the author's part to avoid identification of either himself, his characters, or his local scenery. He must not fancy himself a novelist with a power of devising varied plots and skilfully analysing characters; but he had a story to tell about a perilous time in India, one of serious errors partially retrieved, of splendid deeds accomplished by diplomacy and by arms, of fearful odds faced and overcome by dauntless equanimity, and of the attitude taken up by those whom he several times terms the rulers or the master people. He has told it, not ineffectively, and as far as we can judge, without partiality, acerbity, or misrepresentation.

ENGLISH LYRICS.*

SOME little while ago Cardinal Newman, in a correspondence printed in the *Times*, observed how extremely difficult it was to attach any precise definition to the sense of religion. In truth, definitions are perilous things, however necessary to the comfort and well-being of the logicians. We can all remember how many a weary hour our great teacher of lucidity suffered in earlier and ruder times for his confessed inability to define his favourite phrase, *the grand style*—a phrase which many of his critics seemed to ascribe to his own invention, and could in no wise understand. That the thing itself could not be defined was allowed; it could only be *spiritually discerned*. In this particular instance the truth of the confession is clear. But in many other instances a great deal of trouble, at any rate, and often some little confusion, might, we suspect, be saved if those who essay to formulate in words the faith that is in them would rest satisfied with a similar vagueness of outline. It not only makes for the teacher's personal safety, in furnishing so shifting and intangible a mark for the shafts of the unbeliever, but it allows him so much wider a range of illustration. If the nameless compiler of this little book, for example, had not pinned himself down so severely to a literal definition, he would have escaped much mystification and inconsistency, and would have gone very much nearer to realize his aim of presenting in one volume the "perfection of English lyrics." The restrictions of time he has imposed on himself are judicious enough. Living writers he has not touched, nor those who have been too lately taken from us to allow of an unbiassed and impersonal judgment. He begins with Wyatt and ends with Beddoes. His book, therefore, covers a space of three centuries and a half, and may be fairly held to have allowed room for the best lyrics as yet written in the English language. But that those other restrictions within which he has chosen to bind himself have granted this room is more disputable.

Let us see how he reads the canon law of lyric poetry:—

A lyric is a short poem dealing with one thought, essentially melodious

* *English Lyrics*. The Parchment Library. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

in rhythm and structure, and, if a metaphor may be taken from the sister art, a simple air, without progression, variation, or accompaniment. If we wish to make the essentials of a lyric still clearer to ourselves, we shall find we are compelled to do so by negatives. It must not be in blank, nor in heroic verse; save, indeed, where a refrain, and a subtle repetition of the same word, gives lyrical impression, as in Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears," and some of the songs in the *Idylls of the King*. It is not so severe in form as the sonnet; the poet's touch is lighter even when his subject is grave; a dirge like "Lycidas" cannot be accounted such, nor a sustained and lofty poem like "I have led her home" in "Maud." Some of our greatest poets have left no true lyrics, or none into which they have put their best work. Pope's only examples are a burlesque, an imitation of Horace, written when he was a mere child, and a paraphrase, also from the Latin [yet, curiously enough, both of these last two examples are given in this volume designed to present "the perfection of English lyrics" (!)]. Gray affords us none; no adequately characteristic specimen can be culled from Spenser, or more than one or two from Milton, though the former lived so near in time to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, lyrists if any were, and the latter has been justly termed "inventor of harmonies," so keen was his sense of song.

That the author of "The Bard" and "The Progress of Poetry" affords no example of the lyric is an assertion which can hardly fail to astonish, perhaps to provoke, the simple-minded reader. But the editor has drawn a hard-and-fast line between the ode and the lyric, though he allows that "those who insist on the original meanings of words may perhaps find it difficult to distinguish" between the two. He cites with approval a modern definition of the ode as "any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme"; and then he goes on to define the lyric in the words already quoted. An ode, therefore, must be lyrical; but a lyric is something very different from an ode; just as every goose is an animal, but every animal is not a goose. The distinction strikes us as a little difficult, and more than a little fanciful, though this may, of course, arise from a want of clearness in our own spiritual discernment rather than from any confusion in our editor's notions of words and things. But his own illustrations of his own definitions only serve to increase our perplexity. While justly condemning Pope's absurd "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," he still, as we have seen, allows it to be a lyric; yet he will not grant this indulgence to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," written for the same purpose—so at least we presume, for he does not include it in his selections, and we must not suppose him to rate it as a bad piece of work. Again, he prints Campbell's "Hohenlinden," but discards Drayton's "Agincourt"—one of the finest battle-pieces in our language, and a lyric surely if the other be. All narrative and ballad poems are excluded; "Lycidas" must not be printed because it is a dirge; yet we find Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," which is narrative and ballad, and something of a dirge to boot. Such very subtle distinctions, which we must honestly confess to be quite beyond our comprehension, will hardly tend to clear away the difficulty which is foreseen as likely to cloud the minds of those who "insist on the original meanings of words."

"Form," he says, "is always as important in the true lyric, it is sometimes more important than the thought, and just because the verse should be so flawless, it now and then happens that a false note struck in such a poem mars the whole, while it would pass unnoticed in a more sustained work." This is true, though we cannot think his illustration of the truth very happy. He declares the lines

Then the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene

to be like "a fly in ointment, spoiling the whole of Campbell's 'Battle of the Baltic,' though indeed they are not the only blemishes even in that poem." We should hardly have selected this couplet as the false note in Campbell's poem, though *anticipate* is no doubt a word in which "all the charm of all the Muses" is not conspicuous. The really false note is struck by that terrible mermaid in the last stanza. But form is vital, indeed, to lyric poetry, almost, one feels inclined to say, its essence.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn.

How difficult to define the peculiar, the ineffable charm of such verse! yet who can be insensible to it?

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is fled.

And again:—

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before—
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

What is it but its form which gives the pre-eminence to the "lovely wail" of Shelley, where the thought is so often dim, visionary, and unsubstantial, so often, when you do grasp it, poor and weak, nay, sometimes even commonplace? And to come lower down in the scale, whence but from their form comes the value of Poe's lovely lines:—

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate-lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land!

And, indeed, of all that exquisite little poem "To Helen"? Even

In the pure ballad for how much the form counts! It is impossible to grant a very high rank in poetry to such verse as

He turned him right and round about
All on the Irish shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Adieu for evermore!

OR AS—

O long, long may the ladies sit
With their fans into their hand,
Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spence
Come sailing to the land.

Yet every one must be conscious of its attraction; an attraction, moreover, which will always, in certain minds and certain moods of mind, outweigh verse of really a far higher and more poetical quality. And this being so, and the editor of this volume allowing that it is so, might he not have done better to draw his definition on somewhat broader lines, to have taken the outward and visible sign of form as his first principle, instead of going so laboriously about to formulate some subtle distinction of which he himself may be conscious, but which he seems hardly able to express very clearly in words? The broad classifications of poetry adopted by the Greeks, epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, are the best as they are the simplest; however much we may refine on these, we are hardly likely to improve them. Of the contradictions and perplexities this adherence to the old rule would have saved our editor we have given some idea; but of the larger and more abundant field of illustration it would have given him it is hardly possible to convey any adequate idea otherwise than by saying that a four-fifths of his book might have been altered for the better. No line of Gray has he allowed himself; Milton is represented by two short pieces, the song on May Morning and the Lady's Song from *Comus*; Dryden by but one, and that of all he ever wrote perhaps the one which bears most faintly his image and superscription. Byron and Shelley have not had anything like justice done to them. The former has indeed been allowed his "Oh, snatched away in beauty's bloom," and his "There be none of Beauty's daughters"; but among the half-dozen pieces by which the latter is represented are "The Song to the Men of England" and "The National Anthem," a most inexplicable choice. Wordsworth fares a little better; Scott perhaps worst of all. Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, particularly Herrick, are the most fortunate; but—to keep our gravest indictment to the last—there is not a single word from Burns in the volume, and this in a volume designed to present "the perfection of English lyrics!"

It would be unfair to say that the book does not contain much that is excellent. It is clear that its inadequacy does not arise from the editor's want of reading, nor from his want of appreciating what he reads. Indeed, he has printed many pieces which even earnest and careful lovers of English poetry may very possibly read for the first time, and in this age of little books such a distinction must always count. But it is a distinction that may be pushed too far. Poetry that is really first-rate never grows old, never grows threadbare. On the contrary, the more familiar it is the more deeply do we feel it, the more gladly do we welcome it—

Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before.

In a work which is designed to prevent the labours of research, to advance the reader by the shortest and easiest road to a knowledge of a special branch of English poetry, it is far more important that the examples should be all of first-rate excellence than that they should be such as are not commonly met with—*δὲς ἡ τῆς ῥᾶ καλᾶ*. However, we do not wish to cast another stone at our editor. Within the limits he has allowed himself, let us rather say that he has given many pieces of first-rate excellence, and many that are not commonly met with. But then those limits exist. Cribbed, cabined, and confined within them, no such book, it seems to us, can possibly claim to present "the perfection of English lyrics."

TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

THE indefatigable energy and vast linguistic learning of Prince L. L. Bonaparte have lately called forth from the Prime Minister an acknowledgment which is nothing more than his due. That it is an adequate recompense for his work no one could be so foolish as to imagine. The tasks which he has imposed upon himself are precisely those for which there can in strictness of speech be no recompense at all. The Prince addresses himself to an inner and a scanty circle of scholars who have the time and the will to follow him along paths which the majority of philologists are not specially eager to explore; nor is the exact aim of his work always evident at the first glance. Of the vast amount of labour involved in it there is no question; and the present number of the Philological Society's Transactions continues to bear ample evidence of the fact, one-fourth of its whole space being occupied with articles from his pen. A list of initial mutations in living Celtic, Basque, Sardinian, and Italian dialects is followed by another list consisting of words connected with the vine in Latin and the Neo-Latin dialects, and a third which gives the

names of European reptiles in the living Neo-Latin languages. The list of vine words is remarkable as showing not only the minuteness of the subdivisions of which technical terminology is capable, but the measure in which the terms of the parent speech have passed away from its younger offshoots. The multiplicity of names employed to denote sheep, deer, or salmon at various stages of their growth seems as nothing in comparison with the number of the kinds and qualities of vines, their produce, the state of the plant, of its fruits, its branches, its suckers, all of which demand a separate sign or label. The vine carried along from tree to tree is in Latin *rumpus*, *tradux*, or *functum*. These words seem to be altogether lost in the more modern Italian dialects, some of these substituting the more general term *arbusculo*, others describing them as *aritora*, *catena*, *pendia*, or *pendana*. The Latin *rumpotinetum*, as denoting a place where vines carried along from tree to tree are planted, has undergone the like fate, and most of the later dialects seem to feel no need of the term.

As with the naming of the vine and its products the stores of alien dialects have been often laid under requisition for a supply of names, so with the reptiles specific names have given way to more general descriptions, and the Italian *testudo* is denoted by the Galician *sapo concho*. The names for the slow-worm are of more than usual interest. In several of the Italian dialects it is designated by the words *orbala*, *orbiga*, *orbetto*, *orbisolo*, *orbisola*; in others by *cecilla*, *cecilia*, *cischeglia*, *cerscheglia*, all however pointing to the inference of the peasantry that because the animal has very small eyes therefore it is blind. Other names for the same reptile, Prince L. L. Bonaparte adds, "are related to French *borgne*, 'one-eyed,' as Rouergois *buorthe*, Forézien *borgnon* or *bordou*; Jurassien *borne*, *bône*, and *bouanou*; Messin *bogn*. The phrase 'has no eye,' *n'a d'œil* is recognized in Cévennois *nadiuel*, *nadiel*, and *anadiuel*, Rouergois *nadiuel*, *non duel*; Gascon *anilh*. . . . Poitevin *anguenueil*, the first element of which points to *anguis*, *snake*."

Another paper on the name Roncesvalles, by the same writer, has a wider interest. The Latin cartularies seem to give *roschida vallis* as the equivalent or explanation of these names, as though there could be no question of the correctness of their interpretation. But the ancient French *Roncesvals*, *Renceval*, *Roncival*, *Rencheval*, and many more, together with the modern French *Roncesvaux*, the Spanish *Roncesvalles*, as well as the Italian and Portuguese forms, show strong likeness of form, and all convey the idea of a valley of brambles, a meaning in which they agree with the Basque name *orreaga* applied to the same place. But the meaning thus obtained differs so materially from "*roschida vallis*" that it becomes "impossible not to consider the latter as a Latin corruption of the old French word," this word denoting simply a valley full of juniper bushes, just as the Basque *orreaga* is composed of *orre*, juniper, and *aga*, a local suffix indicating plenty. The explanation gives a better picture of the spot where Roland and his Paladins are supposed to have fought their last fight and died than is furnished by a name which speaks of it only as one among a thousand dewy valleys.

In a short paper on the etymology of "surround," Mr. Skeat lays on Milton the blame of misunderstanding a word to which he has so attached a false connotation as to make its removal now impossible. He had himself, it seems, been inclined to derive it from the prefix *sur* and the adjective *round*; but he necessarily rejected Johnson's derivation of it from the French *surround* as an unscrupulous fiction, there being no such French verb. An English *sur-round* would point to a Latin *super-rotundare*, and as to such a compound it would be difficult to assign any intelligible meaning, his conclusion is that *sur-round*, as it stands, is mere nonsense. Having knocked this notion on the head, Mr. Skeat adds that the earliest examples of the word, which does not occur in Shakespeare or in the Bible, are cited in the dictionaries from Milton, who uses the word seven times, thus leaving little doubt of the facts that he is the author who has made the use of the word common, and that, having misunderstood the word himself, he has misled all his followers. Ten years after his death, Coles's Dictionary of 1684 explains *surround* as "to compass about." Mr. Skeat believes that Coles took this from Milton, the same explanation being found in Phillips, who was Milton's nephew, and probably in all subsequent dictionaries. Before Milton, however, Mr. Skeat finds two remarkable traces of the word:—

Minsheu, in 1627, notices the word, but does not explain it. He merely says, "Surround, vide to Ouerflow." Sherwood's Index to Cotgrave gives, "Surround, or overflow, *oultre couler*." Cotgrave himself gives, "*Oultr couler*, to surround or overflow." Now this suggests quite a different idea, and throws us back upon the notion of a Low Latin *superundare* and *surround* with one *r*; we are all well accustomed to the syllable *ound*, from its occurrence in the compound *abound*. *Superundare* is merely a Low Latin equivalent of Latin *ex-undare*, to overflow; so that a new history of the word is thus opened out to us.

Hence, although Johnson's French *surround* must be cast aside as a fiction, *surround* remains a real French word, in spite of its having disappeared altogether from modern French, Cotgrave giving "*suronder*, to float upon the waves"—a different meaning, indeed, but one easily evolved out of *superundare*. Cotgrave's interpretation is, however, neither the oldest nor the most usual. Mr. Skeat cites a notable instance of the word occurring in the *Vie de St. Auben*, "Fort est a combattre a flot qu'est surundé," explained by Atkinson as, "It is difficult to fight against a body of water which is risen high in waves," or, as we might say, against a surging wave. If, then, a man standing on a projecting portion of land finds himself cut off by this surging tide or wave,

* Transactions of the Philological Society, 1882-3-4. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

he might speak first of the water as "surunde," and come afterwards to speak of himself as overflowed, thus passing into Milton's sense of simple environment. The spelling of the word from the first with two *r*'s could scarcely fail to encourage the mistake, and Milton made it with a confidence and frequency which make a restoration of the true sense at the present time impossible. The doubling of the *r* Mr. Skeat regards as simply pseudo-phonetic, since it occurs in Cotgrave and Minshew, before the word had undergone any change in its meaning, such doubling being very common after a short accented vowel, as in *berry*, *cherry*, *morrow*.

Another short paper by Mr. Platt urges a formidable indictment against the Bosworth-Toller Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, put forth by the Clarendon Press. The list of errors, both of omission and commission, is seriously large, while the whole plan and execution of the work are, in Mr. Platt's eyes, altogether behind the present state of knowledge of the old speech of our forefathers. The modern dress of this ancient speech is presented in not altogether agreeable form by a paper on "Spoken Portuguese," by Mr. Sweet, and in another on Old English verbs in -egan and their subsequent history by Dr. Murray. Both Dr. Murray and Mr. Sweet employ one of the many modes belonging to the phonetic system which is to make all reading and writing plain and easy for everybody; but they seem to be scarcely consistent with each other. They may, however, for all we know, be trying different methods; but we cannot bring ourselves to think that, even if their method be right, their ear has never misled them. We fail to see why "isolated" should be written or rather pronounced "isolated," for we do not remember to have heard the "z" sound ever introduced into the word. Mr. Sweet tells us, indeed, that "Portuguese spelling is somewhat unsettled, the natural difficulty of symbolising a complicated sound-system being aggravated by the retention of etymological spellings." The phonetic system of spelling seems in like manner to be somewhat in a state of flux. Otherwise, how could such forms as "inflection," "inflectional" appear in any phonetically-written paper? To be sure, their retention may be explained on the ground that they are not instances of etymological spelling; but it is not easy to understand why phonetic writers should depart from their system to perpetuate a blunder which must be traced, not to the ear, but to the eye.

Mr. Alexander Ellis's paper on the delimitation of the English and Welsh languages is full of historical interest. The extent and completeness of the English Conquest are subjects on which much work may yet be expended to good purpose; and the conditions determining the borders of the English and Welsh speech are of the first importance in the inquiry. In Shropshire and Western Herefordshire Mr. Ellis traces the mark of a dialect descended mainly from Welsh people on whom English had been forced, although the effect of time has been such as to render these marks not easily discernible by ordinary observers. Written English, and especially the English of orators, ecclesiastical or civil, Mr. Ellis puts aside as having comparatively little to do with the matter. Its conditions are artificial, and they remove it from the number of dialects in which the laws regulating the growth of language have full play. The dialects of England, Mr. Ellis asserts, are practically unwritten at the present day, the attempts at writing a few of them being rather caricatures than representations; and the prevalence of English speech in a particular district is not established until it is shown that the uneducated speak with each other exclusively in English. The application of this test has resulted in the ascertainment of facts which point chiefly to the future extinction of Welsh speech within the limits of Great Britain. This end is, however, far distant still; and in the meanwhile the inquiries for which Mr. Ellis suggests a plan will, if systematically carried out, be amply rewarded.

RACECOURSE AND COVERT SIDE.*

IT might almost be said that the fonder a man is of sport, the more he dreads books on sporting. Nor is this apparent paradox difficult of explanation. Literary men are not, as a rule, the best sportsmen; on the other hand, when the best sportsmen undertake to write books, their literary powers are often so weak that their works are almost unreadable. Then it is a very rare thing for the most experienced sportsmen—men who hunt six days a week, owners or trainers of large studs of racehorses, celebrated jockeys, or wealthy men who have large deer forests, moors, and covers—to write treatises on hunting, racing, or shooting. Even under the most favourable conditions, a book on sports is apt to be unpleasantly egotistical, and, however good it may be, there are so many points on which sportsmen differ that some one or other is certain to say that its author has written "a lot of nonsense." It was therefore with considerable misgivings that we took up *Racecourse and Covert Side*. Nor did its binding encourage us. On one side is a huntsman, with a powder-horn slung to his waist, in the act of jumping on one of his own hounds; on the other side is a most evil-looking pointer dog, for whose presence we are quite unable to account; and on the back is an elaborate powder-horn suspended from a chain and cord. Usually the cover of a book on sports is the most attractive part of it, so there seemed nothing left to hope for in this instance. But when we opened the book, we found it to be a glorious ex-

ception to the general rule. In the first place the type is excellent. Then the illustrations by Mr. John Sturges are capital. In too many hunting and racing books, the pictures are of one conventional type—the meet, the find, the run, the kill—the start, the race, the finish, and so on; but here we have much originality of subject, and the horses are not represented as doing impossible things, although we must admit that the hunter in the frontispiece is getting an immoderate "crumpler." The attitudes of the horses are very spirited, and the foreshortening is exceedingly good. But we must in fairness say that the illustrations are not better than the letterpress, as is so often the case in sporting works. There are some chapters describing the ordinary course of things in the hunting-field and on the turf which can scarcely entertain people who are familiar with either; but, taken as a whole, this is an unusually happy specimen of a book upon hunting and racing. One virtue of this work is that it is not in the least didactic. Every one who has had any experience of the hunting-field and the racecourse thinks that he can teach more than he can learn on either subject, and those who have had nothing to do with them do not often care to read about them. A book, therefore, that professes to instruct its readers in hunting, riding to hounds, or winning races, is likely to meet with but a cool reception, and Mr. Watson has been careful to avoid this danger.

There are descriptions of many sorts of horses in this volume. In the first chapter we read of a hunter that was advertised for sale as "quiet in the saddle"; for "he was a demon in the stable," and "kicked to pieces any trap that he was harnessed to," so his owner argued that, as every horse must be quiet somewhere, it would be well to give him the benefit of the doubt and describe him as quiet to ride. "But," the speaker adds, "he wasn't." In the same chapter a mount was offered to the author with the assurance that he was "the nicest little horse in the world"; but he turned out upon further inquiry to be "a bit awkward to mount"; "to reach round a bit at you" when you tried to put your foot into the stirrup; to want "holding together"; to have a "wonderfully tender mouth"; and to be awkward when interfered with. Fortunately the writer, by mistake, got on the horse his friend had intended to ride himself, and enjoyed a capital run, while his host got the "crumpler" portrayed in the frontispiece. For the benefit of those who dread such catastrophes, a story is told of a certain Duke of Beaufort who loved hunting but hated jumping. A neighbour of his had exactly the same tastes. The Duke hunted but did not jump, but his neighbour both jumped and hunted. "Jones is an ass," said the Duke. "Look at him now. There he is, and he can't get out. Jones does not like jumping, but he jumps a little, and I see him pounded every day. I never jump at all, and I'm always free to go where I like." How many men might follow the Duke's example with advantage. There is an amusing chapter about another nobleman of a very different stamp, who used to win bets from his friends by what are technically known as "sells"; and, turning from hunting to steeplechasing, we find a story called "Upset," which is admirably told. Another good steeplechasing story is "Rooks and Pigeons," a betting romance, in which the villain is punished and the hero and heroine "marry and live happily for ever afterwards." "The Spotted Horse's Story" is exactly what it professes to be—a good Christmas story. "An Off Chance" is the account of an interesting racing and betting adventure.

There is a capital description of a visit to the famous trainer William Day, the author of a book called *The Racehorse in Training*, which we reviewed in this journal. The writer states that Mr. William Day told him he believed he could have won the Derby when riding *Promised Land* if he had followed his own inclination and made proper use of his horse, instead of riding a waiting race at the suggestion of his father. Indeed, he spoke much in favour of making the running, or at least of making the best use of a horse from start to finish, and he strongly condemned the "flashy style of winning by short heads that makes jockeys lose so many races nowadays." He said that, although "the public are caught by this sort of thing," many races are thus thrown away. "If the jockey wins, they talk of his wonderful finish, coming just in the nick of time, and, if he is just beaten, they declare that no one else would have got within a head" of the winner, "while all the time, if he had ridden judiciously, he might have won easily by a length and a half, or maybe much further." In an account of "A Day with Tom Cannon," we are told that that celebrated jockey to a great extent shares the opinion of William Day on this point. "You see," said he, "the whole secret of the matter is this—races are not won entirely on the post. You've got to think of winning all the way from the start." William Day told the following anecdote to the author concerning a St. Leger which will be fresh in the memories of most racing men:—

"There was a case in point two or three years ago at Doncaster. 'You had better have a bit on my horse, I'm going to win to-day,' one of the cleverest of our jockeys said to me. 'Well, the horse hasn't done much yet—has he?' I asked. 'No, he hasn't, for I have never quite had my way about riding him, but to-day I have leave to ride him as I think best, and I am certain we shall beat them all,' the jockey said; and he did. There is no harm in mentioning names—I am speaking of Jim Goater and Rayon d'Or."

Cannon made some very sensible remarks to the author about the evil results of the over-use of the whip, especially with young horses. "That unfortunate whip loses such a lot of races for the boys," "No one knows what a number of two-year-olds are

* *Racecourse and Covert Side*. By Alfred E. T. Watson, Author of "Sketches in the Hunting Field" &c. With Illustrations by John Sturges. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

ruined by the whip and spurs." He describes the nervous condition of a two-year-old, who "ran last week and was hid," ran again the day before yesterday and was hid, "and here he is once more, and he knows that he's got to run and be hid again." Is it to be wondered at that he is "too nervous to put out his full powers," or that when he goes back to his stable he will neither eat nor drink? Cannon remarked further that when he rides two-year-olds that have once had a flogging at the hands of an unmerciful jockey, he can feel their hearts beating and bumping against his legs through the light racing-saddles; and that when careless jockeys ride these poor young things, the chances are that they get a bad start, and then "out comes that blessed whip, and so they go whipping and bumping all over the course. Spurs, too, hard at it, though they don't often touch the horse where they want to." In noticing the immense sums obtained by jockeys in these days, the author tells us that, "unless popular rumour errs," one jockey put by a fortune of 100,000*l.*, "a handsome figure for a young man of some five or six-and-twenty, who began life in a stable-boy's jacket without a sixpence to call his own." Indeed, popular rumour has put the fortune at a much higher figure, and it is time some limit were placed to the ridiculous sums now given to jockeys. The whole chapter on jockeys is interesting. In speaking of Wood's victory in the last Derby on St. Blaise, the author says that his courageous "dash round the rails" enabled him "to get a forward place which he never lost." Tributes of praise are given to Archer, Fordham, Cannon, &c., and all the principal jockeys and their styles of riding are noticed and criticized. Every judge of racing may not quite agree with the author in his opinions about some of the jockeys mentioned; but, upon the whole, his remarks are very fair.

The chapter called "Behind the Scenes at the Circus," although it has little to do with either the racecourse or the covert side, is decidedly amusing. The author pays a private visit to a large circus, and is lionized by the proprietor, who is a gentleman of considerable originality. Victor Emmanuel, whom he described as "the best fellow in the world," had given him a horse, an elephant, a lion, and a gold watch. "I've often," said he, "had the King in the morning when we were practising in the ring, with the whip in his hand—yes, and the princes holding gates for my wife to jump." Once when he was driving near St. Cloud he picked up on the road "a stout, littlish gentleman," and gave him "a ride" in his American car. This "littlish" man turned out to be Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, from whom he afterwards received several favours. The greatest fault that a rider can give way to, in this circus-owner's opinion, is "slummocking." When his daughter was training a new horse to jump gates in the ring he said, "Hold him well together; don't let him slummock." He likes Englishmen and Americans, but he thinks that "Germans are too slummocky." Most lady riders, he observes, either hold a horse's head too tight or else let "him slummock all over the place." As we have already said, this chapter has no immediate connexion with either racing or hunting; but, if we are not much mistaken, the proprietor of the circus here described has many horses in his stables that have run on the Turf, and the stories of some of them might prove curious specimens of racecourse history. Perhaps Mr. Watson will write them on some future occasion; and in dismissing his present work we will only say that it is bright, lively, and free from humbug, and that we fully expect it to be popular.

THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYÂM.

THE translation of Omar's Quatrains which now appears side by side with the Persian text was first published by Mr. Whinfield in a separate form a twelvemonth or more ago, and therefore is already known among those who perchance first made the Persian poet's acquaintance in the charming English version of the late Mr. Fitzgerald. Orientalists have now to thank Mr. Whinfield for a critical edition of the Persian text, provided with the useful apparatus of notes and variants.

The success of Mr. Fitzgerald as a translator of verse, whether Persian or Greek, was so universally acknowledged that Mr. Whinfield might well fear comparisons, not entirely to his own advantage, in writing a new verse translation in that same quatrain of ten-syllable lines which the genius of his predecessor had raised to the rank of a recognized English metre. But, as Mr. Whinfield remarks, everything indicated this metre as the proper one, since "there ought to be some degree of metrical conformity between the measure of the original and the translation," and, as regards the said metre, "though it does not exactly correspond with the *Rubâ'i*, it very clearly suggests it." Mr. Whinfield further aimed at providing a translation as literal as the structure of the English quatrain would allow. And, therefore, although we are fully alive to the melodious English of the verses which have given to Omar a public more numerous in the West and the Far West than ever was his in the land of Iran, we must bear in mind that Mr. Fitzgerald's is a poetic version rather than a translation, for very often he extracted the pith of a couple of Omar's Quatrains, and then moulded the extract with consummate grace into a single stanza of his own. And this may account

for the great differences, both in form and matter, which are to be observed in the subsequent editions of the little book in Roxburghe binding.

Mr. Whinfield's version, if less poetical, is the more exact and scholarly. A prose translation of poetry must needs be unsatisfactory, and especially so of poetry such as Omar's, "where nearly the whole charm consists in the style and the manner, the grace of the expression, and the melody of the versification." And assuredly as a warning to others in this respect is the verbose and jejune French prose—useful only as a "crib" to the Persian on the opposite page—which M. Nicolas wrote for his otherwise excellent edition of Omar's works. We are inclined also to agree that, in the choice of a metre, it is as well to eschew the ponderous Alexandrines so extensively used by Herr Bodenstedt and other German translators, though these correspond more nearly with the Persian in the number of the syllables; further, we certainly congratulate our author on keeping throughout to one form of verse, and herein not allowing himself a poetical license which detracts from the value of the German translators' rhythmical verses. In the matter of arrangement, however, Mr. Whinfield would, we think, do well to follow his English and German predecessors rather than keep to the Oriental method of simply stringing the quatrains together, regardless of subject, according to the alphabetical order of the rhyme-letter. Why not have given the quatrains in the order of the classification made in p. xxiii? We should thus find presented in separate sections the "Complaints of Fate," the "Satires," and the "Love-poems," and avoid mingling the "Bucolic" and "Devotional" quatrains with the "Antinomian utterances . . . preaching *ad nauseam* 'Eat and drink (especially drink), for tomorrow we die.'" Again, we should then be able the more easily to compare by their juxtaposition similar quatrains, and this would further bring out the glaring contrasts which are the characteristic feature of Omar's poetry; proving that then, as now, "Nous ne sommes pas plus différents aux autres qu'à nous-mêmes."

In framing a critical text of any popular Oriental poet (such as is and always has been Omar Khayyâm), the editor's chief difficulty will arise from the exceeding variety and the discrepancy of the materials. The MSS. are seldom very old, and, though the date is difficult to determine from the writing alone, as regards Omar's works especially it may generally be stated that "the number of quatrains seems to increase in proportion to the modernness of the MS." Of Omar we have already in our libraries the text as lithographed both at Calcutta and at Lucknow, also M. Nicolas's edition, and the fragment left incomplete by Mr. Blockmann. With these four Mr. Whinfield has collated four excellent MSS., and although this edition does not profess to offer a "textus receptus," he here presents us with five hundred well-selected quatrains, of which the large majority may safely be attributed to Omar, and which taken together provide excellent specimens of each of the various classes of quatrains attributed to the poet:—

The state of the case is this:—Out of all the quatrains passing under Omar's name, hardly any stand alone. Almost every one belongs to a family, more or less numerous, to the other members of which it bears a strong family likeness. One can say with some confidence that all these replicas, paraphrases, and variations of the same ideas can hardly be the work of one and the same hand; but to distinguish with certainty the handiwork of the master from that of his imitators is a task probably beyond the powers of any foreign critic living eight hundred years after the poems in question were written.

And this, alas! must be admitted as the case in the present state of our Oriental scholarship, and with the paucity of our MSS. The character of the language, by itself, offers but an unstable criterion, since literary Persian is written with the same words and phrases whether the verse be composed in the eleventh or the nineteenth century; and of internal evidence there is little or none, seeing that Omar's poetry runs in the old grooves already well worn by his predecessor Avicenna, and used again by numerous successors, such as Afzul Kâshi and his imitators. The notes which Mr. Whinfield has appended to the text are very scholarly, and will prove of great service in the elucidation of the many knotty points that were raised by Mr. Blockmann in his *Prosody of the Persians*. Our author has also noted the poetical contractions and peculiarities of metre and scansion, besides marking the *izâfat* wherever that perplexing but important vowel occurs. On this point we specially recommend to Orientalists the remarks on pp. xix, xx, as being extremely apposite, since it is not to be denied that "there is some difference of precept and practice as to the proper way of marking the *izâfat* after the semi-vowels."

In the space at our disposal it is impossible to enter into any exhaustive analysis of Omar's creed. That he was a man of strong religious emotions a very casual reading of his works will clearly show; that he could be neither an Agnostic nor a Materialist, in the sense in which we moderns use these words, is a fact that bears no discussion with any one who knows aught of the philosophy and the history of Islam. "To him, as to other Muhammadans of his time, to deny the existence of the Deity would seem to be tantamount to denying the existence of the world and of himself"; and we are inclined to agree with Mr. Whinfield, who sees in him analogies with Voltaire rather than with Lucretius, especially in the large charity and the kindness which so often underlie the irreverence and the cynicism. Quatrain 34 is certainly remarkable for the eleventh century after

* *The Quatrains of Omar Khayyâm*. The Persian Text, with English Verse Translation. By E. H. Whinfield, M.A., &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

Christ, and remembering that it was written by a contemporary of the sons of William the Conqueror:—

Pagodas, just as Mosques, are homes of prayer;
'Tis prayer that Church-bells chime unto the air;
Yea, Church and Ka'aba, Rosary and Cross,
Are all but divers tongues of world-wide prayer.

But he was a man essentially of his own century. Omar Khayyám the mathematician, in philosophy and natural science the pupil of such men as Avicenna and Ghazzali, had still but a poor opinion of either the capacity of the human understanding or the high destiny of man. In the fifth century of the Hejrah, though from the Oxus to the Orontes the Moslem world was ably ruled by the Great Seljuk Sultans, the instability of worldly greatness and of dynasties was a theme that all men comprehended. The irruption of the Turkish tribes had already begun under the Sultans of Ghazni, and before them had not Persia, lorded over successively by Tâhiri or Saffari generals, Samani or Buweyhi emirs, governed the Khalifah himself in Bagdad? The times might be out of joint; worldliness (*talab ul dunya*), and other-worldliness (*talab ul ukharat*), both equally repugnant to Omar's philosophic soul, ruled the day, then as now; and his studies landed him much at the same point where John van Olden-Barneveld came to rest when the latter took as his motto the sage inscription *Nil scire tutissima fides*.

In closing our notice of Mr. Whinfield's latest work, it is a pleasure to give praise to the careful manner in which the text is printed; typographical errors are not numerous, but besides those cited in the errata, the following should be noted. In the *rhyme-words* of Quatrain 78 it would have been more correct, orthographically, to have written *hichast* in one word, or to have inserted the *alif*. In Q. 141, l. 4, read *durand* for *dardand*; in Q. 275, l. 3, for *be-farmân* read *be-farmân*; and in Q. 277, l. 4, read *bâg* for *bâbek*. Mr. Whinfield's notes, as we have already remarked, are scholarly and lucid, and the analogies he occasionally points out between the text and passages in Job or Ecclesiastes, or in poets ancient and modern, from Horace to Lord Byron, add an additional interest for the English reader. It may, however, be useful to point out regarding the note to Q. 60, that in *ummid* the *m* is always doubled in the modern usage; and likewise that at the present day *hûsh* and *khûsh* (notes to Q. 103 and 112) are both invariably short; lastly, that the Persian for "one" is *yek*, and not *ek*, as written in the note to Q. 346. These, however, are all matters of such minor importance that Mr. Whinfield may feel inclined to remind us that a critic in Persian goes by the name of a *Nuktah-chin*, or a Dot-browser. Before attacking Omar our author made proof of his skill by editing the mystic poem of the "Gulshan-i-Kâz," and it is much to be hoped that so competent a scholar may find time now to take up the work left undone through the death of Professor Palmer, and give the world the long-looked-for translation and critical edition of the poems of Hafiz.

CHAP-BOOK CHAPLETS.*

THIS book is unfortunately published without a word of preface, introduction, or explanation of any kind, so that we are left quite in the dark as to the origin of the "suitable sculptures," as to the principle of selection followed in the letterpress, and, for the most part, as to the date, origin, and histories of the ballads chosen for illustration. The volume is got up to imitate a collection of chap-books bound together; the paper and type are meant to suggest the chap-book, but they are of course very much too good; the illustrations are drawn in the style supposed to be dear to our ancestors, with thick outlines and the rudest handling, and are coarsely coloured. There is, however, a dedication of the work to "the great variety of Readers, from the most able to him that can but spell," with an intimation that, although so vast a multitude are invited to read the book, the issue is limited in number. The contents of the volume, so far as letterpress goes, consist of eight ballads—namely, "The Barkeshire Lady's Garland," "The Babes in the Wood," "I know what I know," "Jemmy and Nancy of Yarmouth," "The Taming of a Shrew," "Blew cap for me," "John and Joan," and "George Barnwell." As regards the first, "The Barkeshire Lady's Garland," nothing is said about its history or origin. The tune, to be sure, is given as "The Royal Forester," which is not found under that name in Chappell's Collection, and we are left in complete ignorance of the date of this curious but not very lively composition; nor is it stated where Mr. Crawhall found it. The "Barkeshire Lady" has an estate of 5,000*l.* a year, but is coy and will listen to none of her suitors. Finally, however, she falls in love with a young lawyer, to whom she opens her heart by sending him an anonymous challenge. He keeps the appointment, expecting some adventure, and finds, instead of a jealous rival, a lady in a domino who tells him that she has brought a rapier with her and that he must either fight her or marry her without knowing who she is or seeing her face. This pusillanimous youth, who might without odium have fled from the lady with a rapier, consents to marry her:—

The sweet pretty Cupids hovered
Round her eyes—her face was covered
With a mask—he took her thus
Just for better or for worse.

* Chap-Book Chaplets. Adorned with suitable Sculptures. London Field & Tuer. 1883.

Pure doggerel of this kind might have been written yesterday. As for the illustrations, one would like to know if there are any at all among them that are old, or whether Mr. Crawhall has drawn and designed them especially for this volume. The portrait of the "Barkeshire Lady" points with its patches to Queen Anne's reign, but in the arrangement of the hair to a much earlier period. The figure of the bridegroom's friend receiving the wedding favour—he is evidently on his very best behaviour and quite the best man—wears a wig of King William's time and a doublet of Charles I. To be sure in a chap-book one does not look for antiquarian correctness of dress, but one naturally turns to the fashions in order to fix a date. Of the next ballad, "The Babes in the Wood," we are told that the oldest edition known as the "Cruel Uncle" was printed in the year 1670. Presumably, but we cannot be sure, without comparison, because we are not told, this is the text given by Mr. Crawhall. The pictures of the Uncle bargaining with the two ruffians, and of the scattering of the leaves by the Robin, are excellent. The songs of "I know what I know," and "Jemmy and Nancy," might very well, like the "Barkeshire Lady," have been written yesterday for a half-penny broadsheet. How Jemmy was sent to sea to get him out of the way of Nancy; how a lady of Barbadoes made love to Jemmy, and what the Barbadian ladies used to be like; how Jemmy was treacherously thrown overboard and drowned, and how his Ghost walked may be seen here much more beautifully told by the pictures than by the text. The drowning of Jemmy, represented by a bare arm just sinking under the water, is very dramatic. We must, however, enter a protest against the practice of writing remarks of more than dubious wit upon the pictures. Thus, under the drawing of the Ghost the editor actually allows himself to write, "The genuine old article, none of yer table-turning and tambourine tricks here"; and in another place, when he draws the portrait of a beautiful lady, all patches and paint, he writes within the frame, "Talk of raptures, flames, and darts." And once he draws for a tail-piece a well with the legend "*du reservoir*"!

The ballad called "Blew cap for me," we are informed, is taken from the Roxburghe Collection; but, like "Jemmy and Nancy," might, like the drawings, have been made yesterday. The suitors of every nation who make love to the Scottish lass are admirably drawn, the best perhaps being the Spaniard. This is followed by a very lively ballad called "John and Joan," the story of a couple who were too much alike, and would always do the same thing at the same time:—

If John his dog had beaten,
Then Joan would beat her cat.
If John, in scorn,
His hand would burn,
Joan would have burned her hat.
If John would break a pipkin,
Then Joan would break a pot.
Thus he and she
Did both agree
To waste all they had got.

It is, however, in the "History of George Barnwell" that Mr. Crawhall displays his full strength. Nowhere, surely, has vice been rendered more repulsive or beauty less attractive. From the first moment when the "gallant dainty dame" digs the astonished and terrified prentice in the ribs unto the last, when, with flaming cheek and doubled fist, she drives him from her presence, there can be but one opinion about Sarah—that as regards her personal experience she was as unfortunate as she was in her moral deficiencies. Further, one cannot but think that George, whose eyes appear to have been opened before the hanging, must have derived some consolation in his last moments from thinking that at least he should never set eyes upon his Sarah any more. As for himself, he is faithfully and feelingly drawn; one recognizes the type; he is sheepish and shy; he is imaginative and short-sighted; he is credulous and amorous. Even the unspeakable Sarah appears to him a sweet and lovely damsel. To sum up, the volume is funny, but of such fun one may very easily have too much. We understand from an announcement at the end of the book that many other "olde frendes wyth newe faces" are in preparation; we beg beforehand for some little information about each, and for a few words of explanation from the editor, especially about the rules, or the absence of rule, as regards the spelling and the supposed period of each drawing.

FENCING AND FENCING-MASTERS.*

MUCH has been written in sundry languages, especially French, on the art and practice of arms, and a good store of material has been collected in various forms for the history of the subject. But somehow the history itself has never been written. The nearest approach we know to such a history is the critical outline of previous literature which is prefixed to Posellier's treatise on fencing. Dumas, in the amusing preface he contributed to the work of his friend and master Grisiér, touched but only touched the matter. Handbooks on armour and weapons, military histories, and to some little extent the books which treat of duelling under various aspects, fix a point here and give a hint

* *Histoire de l'Escrime dans tous les temps et dans tous les pays.* Par Emile Mérignac. 1. Antiquité. Paris: Rouquette. 1883.

Un Maître d'armes sous la Restauration. Par Vigeant, Maître d'armes à Paris. Imprimé par Motteroz. Paris: 1883.

there, but that is all. Anecdotic books on duelling are many, but, with the exception of such books as *Les Drames de l'Épée*, they are mostly the work of book-makers of the commonest sort and are even remarkably barren of this kind of information. A fair field was therefore open to M. Emile Mérignac when he undertook to discourse at large of the history of fencing from the earliest times. He bears a name that alone commands attention, for his brother is second to none in the profession of arms in Paris, and is the master of a school where the correctness of classical tradition is happily combined with the freedom and vigour of the moderns. Only the first volume of M. Mérignac's work has yet appeared, and it is concerned only with the ancient world. The publishers were mistaken, in our opinion, in producing it in this manner. For we can hardly doubt that, when he comes to things belonging to modern history or within his own knowledge, M. Mérignac will have something really interesting to tell us; and it is not doing himself justice to send forth in advance a volume which is essentially a compilation, and of which it may even be doubted how far it is relevant to the main theme.

There is no authentic definition of what is included in the term "fencing," or *l'escrime*, or the equivalent words in other languages. It may be taken to include the use of any hand-weapon whatever, as distinguished from missile weapons, which gives room for any degree of skill. In this sense it is used by M. Mérignac; and, as far as etymology and literary authority go, there is no exception to be taken. But in modern usage the term is practically confined to the skilled use of the sword, and in particular the thrusting sword; it is implied, moreover, that the sword has to do the work of defence as well as of attack. The modern art of fencing dates, beyond question, from the abandonment of shields and defensive armour. Fencing, in our modern sense, did not and could not exist when the combatant put his trust in the sword only for smiting. Now it seems to us that, from the point of view of a modern fencer, the earlier history of the arts of personal attack and defence is important only so far as it leads up to the opening of the modern period. The development of swordsmanship in the three centuries from Saint-Didier to Cordelois has been far greater than all that was done from the first appearance of an iron sword in Europe to the first systematic treatment of fencing by the Italian masters of the sixteenth century. Whatever is earlier is, as regards the history of fencing, prehistoric. And the only possible "Histoire de l'escrime dans l'antiquité," short of a general history of arms and armour, is an account showing how the exercise of arms in the ancient and mediæval world was not what we understand by fencing, but something extremely different. It is therefore, in our eyes, an offence against proportion to assign an equal share to the so-called fencing of the ancients in an historical exposition. Here, indeed, the moderns do not even get an equal share, for this volume does not come down to the middle ages.

The truth is that M. Mérignac, dealing probably with unfamiliar matter, has failed to deal with it critically. What he has given us is an extremely miscellaneous collection of information and anecdotes, of extremely various value, concerning the use of arms in Asia, Egypt, Greece, and the Roman Empire. No classical scholar will find anything new to him in the two long chapters entitled "*L'Escrime chez les Grecs*" and "*L'Escrime chez les Romains*," and many matters of doubtful authenticity are included. The detailed account of the Roman gladiators appears to be faithfully enough worked up from the best French books on Roman society and manners. M. Mérignac might perhaps have made it interesting if he had considered from his own point of view how far the skill of the gladiator, either in aim or in execution, resembled that of a modern swordsman. But he has simply taken the current statements (pieced together as they are from vague and dispersed materials) just as one may find them in any dictionary of antiquities. Accordingly this chapter is tedious, and, for any one who can refer to a dictionary of antiquities, superfluous. And with all this M. Mérignac's information about Roman military weapons is sadly wanting in precision. Either the few pages given to the subject in Lacombe's *Les Armes et les Armures*, or Lindenschmit's recent monograph, *Tracht und Bewaffnung des römischen Heeres während der Kaiserzeit*, will be found far more useful by those who want to know definitely what the arms and accoutrements of a Roman legionary were like. In the same way the Greek chapter is stuffed out with confused mythology and much irrelevant matter about the Olympic festival and the like, while the reform in arms and equipments introduced by Iphicrates—one of the few points in the ancient history of the military art on which we have perfectly clear and trustworthy knowledge—is disposed of in a few lines. A rather serious omission is that no notice is taken of the swords found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ. These are of a long and narrow pattern, quite unlike the leaf-shaped sword that is familiar to us in Greek art of the classical period. They are more like the swords represented on Assyrian sculptures than anything else; and their occurrence among prehistoric Greek objects, together with the apparently complete disappearance of the type in historical times, raises various questions which have not yet been answered. Did the Greeks give up long swords for short ones, and if so, why? Was it because they did not know how to handle the longer weapon effectively—a position which might perhaps be supported by some of the archaic gems in Dr. Schliemann's find? Or were these long swords peculiar to some one dynasty or tribe? Can we connect them with the "great Thracian sword" mentioned, seemingly as a notable thing, by Homer (*Iliad*, xiii. 577)? What,

again, was the sword of the Homeric heroes? Are we to suppose it leaf-shaped, or rather of this newly-found Mycenæ type? It would be more profitable to discuss points of this kind than to copy well-worn incidents from the manuals of antiquities, or to take the *Cyropædia* (as M. Mérignac does in his innocence) for an historical authority on the manners of the ancient Persians. Also certain elaborately ornamented sword or rather dagger blades found at Mycenæ more recently, and described and figured in Greek and German archaeological journals, ought to have been noticed in a work pretending to completeness.

The chapter on "*L'Escrime chez les Israélites*" has the merit of novelty so far as its title goes. We were not aware, before reading M. Mérignac's book, of anything in the Old Testament, beyond the general and manifest fact that the sword was a favourite weapon, to suggest that the Hebrews cultivated anything like fencing. The nearest approach to evidence is the story of the deadly combat between twelve of Abner's men and the like number of Joab's (2 Sam. ii.) "And Abner said to Joab, Let the young men now arise and play before us. And Joab said, Let them arise. Then there arose and went over by number twelve of Benjamin, which pertained to Ish-bosheth the son of Saul, and twelve of the servants of David. And they caught every one his fellow by the head, and thrust his sword in his fellow's side; so they fell down together." This looks as if Saul's and David's men were resolute enough in attack, but paid very little attention to defence. M. Mérignac unaccountably has no mention of this, one of the most striking incidents in a wild and striking history. The omission is hardly compensated by an indifferent illustration—derived, of course, wholly from the artist's fancy—of the victory of Gideon.

A curious inexactness of judgment and want of grasping things at first-hand runs through M. Mérignac's work, even where no particular scholarship or research is needed. After stating that Eastern swords are much curved ("*recourbée presque en demi-cercle*" is an exaggeration as regards any form in common use), he adds, "*Les Orientaux croient que cette forme taille bien mieux et fait une blessure plus dangereuse que si elle était droite.*" A swordsman writing of his own craft ought not to leave it uncertain whether Asiatics are right or wrong in believing that a curved blade (other things being equal) cuts better than a straight one. The fact has been confirmed, and the reason fully explained, by more than one European writer, and chiefly by M. Mérignac's countryman, Colonel Marey. On the whole, then, we cannot say that M. Emile Mérignac's book is worth much as far as it has gone. We can only hope (though not with assurance) for better things when he comes to the modern history of fencing. Meanwhile, there are some amusing things up and down this volume; for example, a surprising account, taken from M. Jacolliot, of a whole troop of elephants belonging to the late Rajah of Mysore, who had been taught fencing and handled a foil very prettily with their trunks. On one occasion two of them fought a duel with swords. We can believe almost anything of the intelligence of elephants, but one might have some better authority than M. Jacolliot. We should be glad to know if any British Resident at Mysore, or any other native court, has heard of the like.

M. Vigeant has illustrated the history of modern fencing in a different manner. He has produced a biographical sketch of Jean-Louis, a master of the early part of this century who is now in some danger of being forgotten by the younger generation, partly because he wrote nothing, partly because, after making his reputation as a regimental master-at-arms in the campaigns of Napoleon, he settled not at Paris, but at Montpellier. By M. Vigeant, who knew him well, Jean-Louis is placed at the head of the teachers of his time. Amateurs of fencing will find the book amusing, though they may also find some little difficulty, notwithstanding M. Vigeant's assurances (which of course we should trust as to anything really within his own knowledge), in accepting as authentic at all points one or two of the exploits recounted of Jean-Louis in his earlier days. It is credible that a quarrel between a French and an Italian regiment in the army of occupation in Spain should have been settled by a solemn duel between the regimental fencing-masters, and that Jean-Louis, as the chief instructor of the French regiment in question, should have taken a leading part in it with distinction. But it is much to believe that he saved his own side all trouble in the matter by himself killing or disabling thirteen adversaries without once being touched. Apart from such more than Homeric feats, however, there is quite enough to make Jean-Louis an interesting person. Beginning life as an "enfant de troupe" in the armies of the First Republic, a weakly-looking mulatto, without parents or friends, he gradually rose to be not only a perfect master of fence, but a master who commanded the personal respect of his pupils, comrades, and superior officers, and was not unfrequently consulted in affairs of importance touching personal or regimental honour. In his old age he appeased a long-standing feud between the Engineers and the Infantry quartered at Montpellier by the bold and simple device of giving a military assault of arms in his own name, inviting the picked men of both branches of the service to contend, and the rest of the garrison to look on; and at the end making the men a speech, and, with all the authority of his position as "*le père de l'escrime*," compelling them to abjure their enmity. Moreover, Jean-Louis succeeded in making so good a pupil of his daughter that she completely took the conceit out of a young professional (a stranger to the school of Jean-Louis), who had thought it impossible that a woman could be a serious adversary. The memory of both father and daughter (she married, and died

young) is still fresh, M. Vigeant tells us, at Montpellier. He has done well to preserve it in this little record for lovers of the art, though we cannot in conscience wholly acquit him of the besetting fault of French writers of personal memoirs and anecdotes—making a small halfpennyworth of bread carry a great deal of sack. For the benefit of studious fencers, it may be noted that M. Vigeant has by way of appendix published a series of Jean-Louis's lessons. There is nothing in them that will be absolutely new to the pupils of any good master of the present day, but they may be consulted with advantage.

RECENT MUSIC.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S *Songs of Old Ireland* is a very welcome addition to our collections of national melodies. The fifty Irish songs which make up the volume which Messrs. Boosey & Co. have sent us have been hitherto unknown in England, and all lovers of national music will be grateful to Dr. Stanford for rescuing them from the obscurity in which they have been so long hidden. The words, when not entirely new, as the editor tells us, are founded upon Celtic or Anglo-Irish originals, and are the work of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who has certainly succeeded in preserving their character and simplicity in a remarkable manner. Where all are good it is difficult to point to any particular song as better than the other, but we think "Awake, awake Fianna," "The Return from Fingal," and "The Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," are amongst the most interesting for their clearly-marked nationality. "The Return from Fingal" is supposed by some to be the march played or sung by the troops of Brian Boromha, the Irish Bretwalda, and celebrates the great battle of Clontarf, which was fought between the Irish and the Danes on Good Friday, A.D. 1014, when the King Brian, "who was too aged to fight, was foully murdered whilst at prayer in the Royal tent by a party of retreating Danes." In this collection there appears a charming melody under the name of "Colleen Oge Asthore," to which Mr. Graves says, upon the authority of Dr. Stokes and Malone, "Shakespeare alludes in the play of *Henry V.*, act iv., scene 4, where Pistol, on meeting a French soldier, exclaims, 'Quality! Calen o custure me!'; and he also suggests that this air was brought over from Ireland by Edmund Spenser. The "Spinning-wheel Song" is a delicious piece of work with a highly characteristic accompaniment, and the two Lullabys are charming in their unaffected simplicity; while "Still Side by Side" will rank amongst the most tenderly pathetic of national ballads. The humorous panegyric on "Father O'Flynn" is capital and well merited by the Reverend Father of whom it is related—

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest
Till this remark set him off with the rest,
"Is it lave gaiety, all to the laity,
Cannot the Clergy be Irishmen too?"
Here's a health to you Father O'Flynn,
Slainté and slainté and slainté agin, &c.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the accompaniments to the songs are all very skilfully arranged, seeing that they are the work of so conscientious and accomplished a musician as Dr. Stanford, who, it may be said, has dedicated the volume to Johannes Brahms.

We have received from Signor Ricordi a pianoforte arrangement of Rossini's opera of *Othello*, one of the "Cheap Edition of Complete Operas for Pianoforte Solo," which, if it may be taken as a specimen of the whole series, speaks very well for the care with which the series has been edited. A short biography of Rossini precedes the work, and the words of the songs are in many cases given, which is a new feature in pianoforte solo arrangements, and has evident advantages. When we say that the longest operas in the edition—such as, for instance, *Semiramide* and *Les Huguenots*—do not cost more than eighteenpence, it will be conceded that they are marvellous specimens of typography and cheapness.

Of sheet music we have from the same publisher two songs by Luigi Caracciolo—"I always Meet You in My Dreams" and "An Old Wreath"—of which the latter is, perhaps, the more musically, while the former is more popular in form; but both are effective and above the average standard of drawing-room songs. "One Year Ago To-night" and "Her Portrait," both by Alfred Allen, are sent to us by Messrs. Morley & Co., and fully sustain the opinion which we have already expressed of the composer's power of writing unaffected and genuine melodies, pleasing both to critics and amateurs. A batch of songs, the words of which are written by H. Delavie and published by C. Jefferys, are also before us. Three of them—"A Fleeting Thought," "Tinted October," and "Home Everywhere"—by Michael Watson, are pleasing songs, and well within the singing powers of all amateurs; while "Milley Mahony," by W. C. Levey, will be welcome to those who are fond of the modern Irish ballad. "Come, glorious Morn," a sacred song by Ed. Reyloff, is hardly up to the mark which the composer is capable of; but "The Butterfly," by Berthold Tours, is a sprightly and delicate song, well worth the trouble of learning.

A number of songs from Messrs. Keppel & Co. have also reached us, amongst which three songs by Joseph L. Roeckel are worthy of praise. In "A Song without Words" the composer has very ingeniously introduced the well-known "Lied ohne Worte" (No. 9, Book I.) of Mendelssohn, an experiment not always successful, but which in this instance, owing to the delicate manner in which it is handled, proves very effective. It is as well to state that this

song is written for pianoforte and harmonium accompaniment, a fact which is not indicated on the title-page. "Three Magpies," like everything by Joseph L. Roeckel, is a graceful and musical production; while the duet "A Pathway Fair," from the same pen, is one of the most charming of its kind. Amongst the many songs by Ciro Pinsuti which have been sent to us from time to time, "For One Alone" we think will take a high rank as pleasing and effective; while the duet "Meeting" is worthy of the reputation which the composer has attained as a writer of this kind of music. Two songs by A. H. Behrend, called "Not Yet" and "Hope, my Darling," are pretty and effective, and present no difficulties in execution, whilst "Waking and Dreaming" and "The Lovers' Leap," both by Ethel Harraden, are well above the average in merit. Harriet Kendall's "What Might Have Been" is a carefully written song, with a pretty refrain in waltz time, which will doubtless become popular; and A. L. Mora's "Beyond" commends itself as well written and decidedly effective. "Hail and Farewell," by Desmond L. Ryan; "The Sad Little Lass," by Thomas Anderton; and "Ever Since Then," by Hugh Clendon, are all good specimens of drawing-room ballads; and "Loved for Ever," by W. Carter, and the "The Maiden's Nay," by George Fox, may be recommended for their simplicity and pleasing melody. A minuet entitled "Margery," by Thomas Anderton, is an unambitious but uninteresting piece for the pianoforte solo; while the "Cigarette Polka," by J. Menier, is about as original as such music generally is.

Messrs. W. Marshall & Co. are the publishers of three songs by William M. Hutchinson. "Pierrot" is not so good as some of this composer's earlier works; while "Mine Again" and "The Little Mandarin," a humorous song, are both in his now well-known style. All these songs are reproduced as dance music, a fact which we cannot help thinking weighs too much with the composer in their original production.

Messrs. Metzler & Co. have sent us two arrangements for the American organ by Louis Engel, the one an Andante, the slow movement in the C Minor Symphony, by Beethoven, and the other an Andante by Chopin, which are easy of execution and as effective as such adaptations can be; and Book I. of a series of arrangements for the same instrument by Frederick Archer, consisting of excerpts from Corelli, André, Butterfield, and Handel, of which we may say the same thing. From the same publishers we have received an "Intermède-Gavotte," by J. Goudreau, a quaint imitation of Rameau, which we think is more interesting as written for the violin and piano than as a solo for the pianoforte; the song which has been nightly sung at the Lyceum Theatre in *Ingomar*, "Love and Beauty," and the Parthenia Waltz, both by Andrew Levey, and which are now so well known that it is not necessary to say more about them. The Christmas number of *The Musical Bijou*, edited by P. Bucalossi, contains, among other pieces of dance music, a new waltz entitled "Micula," from the popular pen of Emile Waldteufel. Four songs published by Messrs. W. Morley & Co. are worthy of notice—"Sunshine," by Thomas Hutchinson, to words by M. J. Scott, a graceful melody, with a pleasing rhythm; "Gentle Faces" and "Staunch and True," both by Theo. Bonheur, which show that the composer is capable of writing very taking ballad music; and "The Nightless Land," by Ciro Pinsuti, to words by D'Arcy Jaxone, a song which fully sustains its composer's deservedly well-merited reputation. A "national chorus," under the name of "Tel-el-Kobir," by D. Middleton, and published by Messrs. Novello & Co., has also reached us. It will doubtless become popular amongst the many singing classes which exist in England, as will also that remarkable pennyworth of music, vocal and instrumental, named *The Musical Budget*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is a pity that the author of *Jacques Vingtras* should have been selected to write the letterpress for the magnificent volume (1) which M. Charpentier has devoted to the streets of London. M. Jules Vallès's quarrel with humanity in general is sufficiently well known, and nine years' sojourn among us seems to have concentrated the quarrel on his part against English humanity in particular. To examine his statements in detail would be absurd, for they have little more connexion with actual fact than those of the celebrated Frenchman who represented the usual close of an English dinner-party as a "boîte de gentlemen pistinant les dames ivres de gin et de whisky." If we take one sentence of M. Vallès's own—"l'Anglais a la haine instinctive, aveugle de ce qui est français: chaque habitude de Paris le blesse"—and substitute Français for Anglais and Londres for Paris, M. Vallès's own attitude will be sufficiently described. On the other hand, M. Lançon's illustrations are of great merit. M. Lançon, though his work has appeared now and then in the *Portfolio* and elsewhere, is perhaps less known to Englishmen than some other French etchers. His etching is, however, of the right kind, and this book contains some capital examples of it. There is a certain tendency to gratuitous ugliness, and some of M. Lançon's types are not English at all, but conspicuously French. Such plates, however, as the large one of "A Servant Girl Cleaning Windows," and as "The Mews at Torrington Square," show equal power in conception and execution, and as much may be said of many others, both in and out of the text.

(1) *La rue à Londres*. Texte par Jules Vallès. Illustré par A. Lançon. Paris: Charpentier.

Mme. Camille Selden's book on Heine (2) is disappointing. It seems to be in effect nothing but the working up of an old magazine article, with the addition of a few chiefly insignificant letters. Nothing concerning Heine can be absolutely unimportant or uninteresting, and Mme. Camille Selden has certainly contributed a document for the biographer. But it is a document out of which the biographer will not get much, and which is hardly worth the general reader's attention.

Students of French literature know Théophraste Renaudot, if only from the allusions to his Enquiry Office found in Furetière and other miscellaneous writers of the seventeenth century. But he is probably not much known to readers in general. M. Gilles de la Tourette, in a careful and useful though rather heavily-written monograph (3), has collected most of the available information about this really remarkable personage, who, if not the actual inventor, was the introducer in France not only of Enquiry Offices, but of dispensaries, who did a good deal to found the modern newspaper, and who was the author of the actual system of *monts de piété*.

It is even more necessary for French than for English men of letters to drop now and then into art-criticism, and M. Edmond About (not for the first time, no doubt) has done his Salon (4). M. Jouaust has given it an unusually attractive form, and the author has, as usual, shown in it his undeniable literary power—we fear it must be said also his undeniable bad taste, if not in art, at any rate in other things.

A new edition of M. Joliet's useful Dictionary of Pseudonyms (5) may be recommended to those who read much of French periodical literature.

Few people, it may be hoped, who know French at all do not know what to expect from a *dernier de M. Monselet* (6); and assuredly in the present case nobody will be disappointed. Whether the subject be naturalists or ministers, minor poets or people who give theatrical representations by professionals in drawing-rooms, M. Monselet always has at command and always uses the true Gallic gaiety which is so much talked of, so little seen, and so scandalously counterfeited and caricatured. A certain paper here entitled "*Le Faublas*" ought to make M. Armand Silvestre blush, if that be possible; for even he will scarcely set down M. Monselet as a Philistine.

M. François Coppée's recent *Odéon* tragedy (7) is a more ambitious effort than is usual with him, and no doubt ought not to be spoken of without a certain respect. But we cannot help thinking that the weight of five acts and of cloaks and daggers is too much for M. Coppée. His amiable pathos and limp fluent verse were not meant for these things.

With the close of the year one of the oldest and best reputed of Continental reviews—the *Bibliothèque universelle* (8)—has nearly reached its ninetieth anniversary. It has also come into the hands of a new London publisher, Mr. Stanford. On the whole, there are probably few periodicals of the kind which can be better recommended to those tolerably numerous English households which feel some interest in what is going on abroad, but have no access to foreign periodicals at large. The original articles in the *Bibliothèque* are excellent, but its main feature is the large space allowed to *chroniques* of the different Continental countries.

Three remarkable books of fiction present a welcome change to the reader wearied with infinite second-rate stuff on the Ohnet-Daudet-Delpit models, with which Parisians appear infatuated. Perhaps Mme. Henry Gréville has written better books than *L'ingénue* (9), but she has never written one more amusing or one more totally free from any possible objection on the score of subject. Her *ingénue* is a very dubious *ingénue*—a sort of prosaic Emma Bovary, to whom fortune refuses Emma's woes as well as her vices. But she is drawn with extreme cleverness; and so is everybody around her, especially the formidable Mme. Anglois, whom we venture to think the author's best single creation. The book is one to be recommended without stint or qualification. In *L'idéal* (10) a writer of perhaps higher strictly literary powers than Mme. Gréville is still found seeking his way and not quite finding it. In his satire of French "high-life" Anglomania, and in his pointing of the old and fatal moral of attempted platonic attachments between man and woman, M. de Glouvet has got hold of good themes which he works out not ill. But his book is still to write. Indeed, good as is *L'idéal*, it is perhaps scarcely the equal of *Le forestier*. But it is far above the average. *Nais Micoulin* (11) and its companion stories show, for the most part, a very praiseworthy effort on M. Zola's part to get out of the gutter in which he has so long wallowed. The worst of it is

that gutters are wont to leave traces even on those who have got out of them completely, which M. Zola has not yet done. There may, however, be some excusable joy over a literary sinner who shows even equivocal signs of repentance. It is not probable that M. Zola will ever be a great novelist, but the vigour of his description and his occasional grasp of a situation appear fairly here.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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LONDON INTERNATIONAL AND UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.

Prospectuses, entry forms, and all information may be obtained from the Executive Commissioner, or any of the Official Agents.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL. LECTURESHIP IN GERMAN.

Applications are invited for this post, which will fall vacant at Easter. Residence for the Summer Term to commence April 21. The Lecturer will receive a fixed stipend of £40 per annum, together with all the Fees received from Students attending his Classes. Except during the hours required by the College (at present 15 weekly), the Lecturer is free to undertake private study or teaching. Full particulars furnished by the REGISTRAR, to whom all applications and testimonials must be sent on or before February 9. Proficiency in Anglo-Saxon (though not necessarily essential) will be taken into account, and should be stated in the testimonials.

(2) *Les derniers jours de Henri Heine*. Par Camille Selden. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *Théophraste Renaudot*. Par G. Gilles de la Tourette. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Quinze journées au salon de peinture*. Par Edmond About. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *Les pseudonymes du jour*. Par Charles Joliet. Paris: Dentu.

(6) *Mon dernier-né*. Par Charles Monselet. Paris: Dentu.

(7) *Severo Torelli*. Par François Coppée. Paris: Lemerre.

(8) *Bibliothèque universelle et revue suisse*. Tomes XIX., XX. Lausanne: Bridel. London: Stanford.

(9) *L'ingénue*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(10) *L'idéal*. Par J. de Glouvet. Paris: Plon.

(11) *Nais Micoulin*, &c. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W., will RE-OPEN on January 14, 1884, for the Lent Term.—All particulars respecting the Classes may be had daily on application, from Two to Four o'clock.

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